

THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

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OUR CRITICISM.

OUR readers must have remarked the change that has taken place in art criticism within the last few months. It must have struck them distinctly that the pepper with which amateur lucubrations was formerly seasoned has been almost entirely substituted by barley-sugar; and that the consequential dictum of what was the assuming pretender has been modulated into the gentle whisper of reverential admiration of what affects to be the wondering enthusiast. Insolent control has given place to awful respect. It is no longer considered quite safe to denounce anything and everything that English application and English genius has depicted upon a canvas. Even the term high art is declining into desuetude from the growing difficulty that is attached to its definition; *aesthetics* itself is at a fearful discount; and the *Athenaeum* no longer levels the artist with the dustman. The *soi disant* connoisseur feels that the ground has become shaky beneath his feet. He hesitates and he is lost; for the chief, the only grip he had upon his public was imputable to his positiveness. He had the talent of an Irish barrister; that of so persuading his jury that he believed in his own infallibility, and had evidence to prove every word he advanced, that they took it for granted, and never inquired for the witnesses. But now, that the evidence must be produced, and that there are certain individuals determined to inquire into the critic's competence to his task; his confidence, and along with his confidence, "his occupation's gone." Thus it is that we have no more pepper in our criticisms. Indeed, upon looking over some of the tender things that have been uttered in reference to the Royal Academy exhibition by those that were the most violent on former occasions, we have felt some qualms at our own

daring; for the truth is never in extremes, and our facts look spiteful in comparison. The lions of the press, like *Bottom* in the play, have roared "as gently as any sucking dove; have roared, as it were a nightingale." It has done the painters' "hearts good to hear them roar;" and some have had their ears so tickled by the music of these "most sweet voices," as to cry out "let them roar again, let them roar again."

These worthies, however, are, while flattering the painter to his own harm, betraying art itself. Indiscriminate praise is for the cause of progress of more mischief than indiscriminate censure. The first nurses and applauds the discontinuance of effort; the latter merely confuses it. Why should we not, in estimating the excellence of a certain artist's production, use at all times a reference to those principles which are received by universal agreement as the components required in a perfect picture? If we allow that the eminent possession of a single quality in a living artist shall be his excuse for the neglect of every other, we take the artist and his insufficiency as the standard for his art, and not the principles that should be his guide. For our own parts, the discovery of a painter that possessed every quality in excess but one, would be a motive for attaching ten times the consequence to that one. For in his work it would assume that consequence,—

"We'd have a starling taught that word,
Nothing but that; and give it him,
To keep endeavour still in action."

This tolerance for the weakness of great names perpetuates error, and sanctifies insufficiency. The early periods of the student's career are often lost in the imitation of those things they should have been taught to avoid; and a school grows up founded on mannerism. One of our contemporaries, of all things in the world, discovered some commanding essence in Van Amburgh's eye. Now if any human eye could be at all reasonably compared with that of a fish it is the one in question. But the eye was to have been the key-note of the picture; and the critic manufactured the is out of the should have been, and absolutely expended a paragraph in praise of the worst part of a bad picture. These are the escapades of the press that "puzzle the will" of the young artist.

"And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

What could an unpretending lover of the art think of such a mare's nest? Why, he would, perhaps, be mystified by it, and set down the capacity to receive enjoyment from the contemplation of a work of art as something that would prove the perception of the beautiful to be a matter only acquired by long study, and not a natural and almost universal quality; operating with the greatest intensity in minds in which it has been suffered to pursue its natural disposition, without

the affectation of reference to profundities that have not been thoroughly explored. There is no quality in a picture that is evident to a real knower on the subject that does not make a part of the gratification received by an intelligent child, or any one else who judges entirely and truly from what is called feeling. Their power of analysis may not be adapted to the detection of deficiency; but the deficiencies, nevertheless, do exist, even for them; and, however they may hold their peace in the presence of those who assume the vermine of the judge, without the education that would render their sentence respectable, they are not therefore guided in sensation by their sentence.

These sloppy judgments have, however, an effect upon the artist that is much to be deplored. The painters—even the meanest of whom knows to a degree, and judges to a certain extent upon principle—accustom themselves to the supposition that the critic is the public: and, seeing that to them orthodox principle has been shut up, as in a sealed book, they set their wits to work in the endeavour to discover upon what system the approbation or dislike of those who are not artists is regulated; lose the time that should be devoted to progression in what they believe themselves to be the right path for their endeavour to obtain the voices of the capricious million by a shorter route; and themselves become the agents and abettors of bad taste. Thus it is that we have the Surrey style in painting as well as acting; and, in very many cases, a showy meretriciousness has been obtained by the sacrifice of those principles in which the people are supposed not to be erudite, because their representatives in the press have given no sign that they care for them. Colour has arrogated, therefore a consequence that belongs not to a mere portion of the artist's accomplishment. Its reception, as an excuse for deficiencies in other qualities, has been permitted, until it has assumed the toleration to be a right; and this has, at length, attained to such magnitude in offensiveness as threatens, unless curbed in time, to be fatal to our school.

Colour has become a stalwart champion among us, while design requires nursing and carefulness. The great effort of criticism, therefore, in reference to English art at the present period, is to insist upon correctness of design. In doing this we risk no injury to its full grown relative; for the supposition that beautiful colour and fine drawing cannot exist as combined qualities in one artist, is among a vast number of other vulgar errors that are withdrawing themselves gradually from popularity of belief. That the instances are numerous in which fine colour has made a reputation in the absence of tolerable design, cannot be a matter of dispute; but, we believe, good reasons may be found for their existence separate, without allowing the impossibility of their combination.

We believe the cause to be simply this, that colour is almost, if not quite, an instinct. It is a perception that cultivates itself, and is scarcely ever the entire consequence of severe study; while fine drawing is an accomplishment that may not be obtained, but after a considerable period of close application, even by those who possess an organization peculiarly adapted to its acquirement. Thus the artist, possessed in an equal and a high degree of the capability of becoming great in the two departments, acquires the one with ease and in sufficiency, before his advance is remarkable in the other; and the quality of colour possesses moreover the additional advantage over that which ought to be its companion, that it is, from the mere practice of painting, which must go on, continually progressing, always experimenting, and always more firmly establishing itself in the mind as a perception of increased delicacy. Indeed, it is, beyond this, liable to the accusation of masking the insufficiency of design, and, by its own excess, excusing the others incompetence. Design, on the contrary, is never in the way of colour, cannot mask its deficiencies, and, in itself, it cannot exist in excess. Make it necessary, therefore, by the severity of stricture upon art in this particular, that our colourists shall also be draughtsmen; correct design will then become the field of struggle among British artists; a field that will afford ample room for any extent of progress.

The *Athenaeum* critic says, in a begging do-be-merciful key, we are not captious with the "inexactitude of a Rubens or a Velasquez." (Let us remind the *Athenaeum* that the inexactitude of those artists is rather the mannerism of a flowing line, and a carelessly selected model, than the inexactitude of incompetence.) But why should we be captious with the dead? Why should we refer to artists, not eminent for a quality, for examples of that quality? What has opinion of by-gone art to do with criticism upon living, struggling, progressing art; or rather that which ought to be struggling and progressing:—and whose progress has been impeded, not assisted, by absence of intention in criticism. No; we should not be captious with Rubens and Velasquez; we should make their excellence a matter, not of imitation, but of contest; we should emulate their success, and surpass their insufficiency. This is to be the triumph in store for modern art. The goal is distinct before the rising generation of painters. It has not yet been reached by any—ancient or modern. The artist of the present time is in a better position for success than any that have gone before him. All that has been done may again be accomplished; and, in spite of all the twaddle that has been written on the subject, there are portions in every one of the most celebrated *chefs d'oeuvres* of antiquity presenting faults that would not be tolerated in a modern picture; there is, therefore, plenty of opportunity for surpassing them. In all the accessories we are before them. In the quality of manipulation we are before them. In the perception and exact imitation of natural effects we are before them. It is no longer a mystery to us how certain effects in colour have been produced. Men have begun to look at the celebrities of by-gone times without winking. They are not dazzled by the glory of laudation into a belief of ancient infallibility. The best that has been done, is looked at with steadiness by men who know that these things are within the circle of possibility, and to be done again. Our reference to Rubens and Ve-

lasquez therefore would not be as "captious with their inexactitudes;" but yet that inexactitude should not be by us overlooked, nor produced as an excellence, or made use of as a countenance for present deficiency. Incorrect design is not defensible in any living artist from the example of Rubens. It is a deficiency greatly to be regretted in both; and, as we would not tell an English colourist to imitate the hues of any school whatever, which he could not do otherwise than as a plagiarist; neither would we have them imitate their inexactitude; but we would endeavour to iterate the insufficiencies of proportion in design until they did assume such a monstrosity of defect in his opinion as might cause a determined continuity of endeavour for their avoidance in his own practice.

But we do not look to an imitation, or even an emulation, of ancient art as the promised result of our present struggle. We do not point out Raphael, or Titian, or Michael Angelo, any more than Rubens or Velasquez, as objects to which our rising school should look for its models. We should rather tell Eastlake, and Etty, and Herbert, and Landseer, and Leslie, and Maclise, and Mulready, and Webster, &c., to look behind them, and either hasten forward or get out of the way, for there is a throng of young ones at their heels; but we know that many among these have the consciousness of their position ever present, and exert themselves. We should tell Drummond, and Egg, and Elmore, and Frith, and Goodall, and Philip, and Poole, and Stone, and Ward, and many others to look well at their mutual doings; for high art is among them, and around them. The mere prettiness that is now absorbing the attention of so many, will resolve itself, when the opportunity is disclosed, into the grand and the magnificent; but what will be the character of the grandeur and magnificence resulting from that intensity of competition, we shall not pretend to prophecy. This, however, we will maintain, that imitation of ancient production will not produce present excellence, nor enable any to cope with it; and that the great triumph of modern art will arise from the combination of ideality and truth of colour; exceeding excellence in manipulation, as regards texture; refined sentiment in expression; and purity of design in reference to an elevated selection of form. Add to these, breadth of light and shadow, and harmony of line in composition, and we have a work ancient art cannot furnish. Every one of these qualities are more or less possessed, and in a considerable degree, by some among our rising artists. He who is endowed with most of them in the greatest amplitude is Mr. Frost; and why? Mr. Frost has been the most industrious of all; has been the most indefatigable attendant in the life school of the Academy. His studies have not been mere blots of colour; but beautifully finished pictures. The world heard little of his doings; but artists have long appreciated his attainments. The consequence is, at length, evident in his work. Mr. Frost is almost alone in design. There is no other that is his equal in refinement of *beau ideal*. Make the reward proportionate with the necessary expenditure of time and labour. Pay the living artist with the liberality with which you reward the dealer; and we do not believe in any obstacle sufficient to render the composition of the "Una" producible by the artist, in life-size to the foreground figures, impracticable. Then where does the pictures exist

in ancient or modern art, with similarity of subject, that would compete with it? No where. And who is it among the ancient painters to whom he is indebted? Not one. But alone, as Mr. Frost is at present, he may not safely calculate upon being long without a rival; and we are quite sure he does not so calculate; for the energy that has carried him to the place he occupies will not now desert him. His life will go on in continuity of effort, and we shall see in his future productions still finer and more satisfactory evidences of the capability of modern art, when that organic fitness that is called genius is accompanied by carefulness and industry.

We are proud of Mr. Frost as being thoroughly British in art. His endeavour has not been to paint a picture that might pass for the production of another age, and another people. We have clever men among us on whom we cannot bestow the same praise. Mr. Herberts has suffered himself to be lured from the beauty, to which he was devoted, into quaintness, and has supposed the manners of Southern Judea were best represented by an affectation of the Gothic of Northern Italy. We regret this much. Mr. Herberts would obtain a much higher position in the world's estimation, by boldly thinking for himself, and refusing any existing art the dignity of becoming his model. Because the painter of a certain period in Italy, had not arrived at the consideration of fleshy texture, Mr. Herberts chooses to neglect it; wilfully creating in his pictures a defect that they may imitate those in whom the defect arose from incapacity. Even Mr. Dyce is greatly repudiating Gothicism; fleshy roundness having become to him a quality worth trying for; and his works have risen in public estimation. These conventionalities cannot hang, as they do, surrounded by so much truth, without impressing the mind of the artist with something that approaches to a doubt of the prudence, not to say judgment, that has led to their adoption.

We would not have it be supposed that our dwelling strongly upon partial insufficiency in the productions of some of our most eminent artists in the present exhibition, should be understood as a refusal to the painters, or even to the works themselves, the rank they ought to hold. The works of Mr. Etty, and Mr. Maclise, in spite of the discrepancies we have enumerated, are works none else could paint. They possess the quality of grandeur as a whole, (a quality so intangible to definition,) in higher degree than any other. But that quality would not have been infringed upon by a greater amount of carefulness having been bestowed upon their accomplishment. The absence of the errors we have referred to would have assisted those qualities. We have since heard that Mr. Etty's large picture is not yet finished; and what amelioration of defect may be obtained in the process it has yet to undergo, is not a matter for our supposition.

We have been reproached with being too free of remark in reference to what we consider the wrong doing of some among our contemporaries; the direct reference of one periodical to opinions promulgated in another being considered contrary to literary etiquette. Thus any amount of mischief may be committed by intention or error, and great injury inflicted upon a profession or an individual, while all allusion to the source from which it emanates is to be denounced as a breach of privilege. We cannot consent to this without the production of the act upon which it is founded. We hold an

opinion of our own that the press has, collectively, too much power. It is a court without responsibility for the great mass of business transacted in it, unless the officers get up a dispute now and then among themselves. We protest against the infallibility of any, and make no pretensions to impossibility of error ourselves. We therefore avoid on all occasions, except in very extreme cases, to accuse without exact reference to the fault we blame, in order that our errors, if we are wrong, may be more easily refuted. Let our contemporaries do this also, and criticism will be what it never has been before in this, or perhaps any other country. We are quite aware of the difficulties to be overcome in the endeavour at impartiality. In the short period we have been in existence we have had our temptations and our losses. We could, but we will not, illustrate the state of affairs in this particular with several cases in point. It is too generally received among the public that the words of a writer are to be considered rather as representatives of the terms upon which he is with the artist or the actor; than his real opinion of the work. In a late competition, we were asked by one of the candidates to say something about him, *if we were not already engaged!* while another formally signified to us that he had discontinued his subscription, because we did not think so well of his performance as he did himself; inflicting a loss of not less than three-pence a week upon our exchequer. Whether this is or is not an evidence that a fair estimate is abroad of what are the duties of a critic, it must be received for the opinion of the parties as to their practical performance. Well, we forgive them both, and shall, notwithstanding the reminiscence, use them after our own honour and dignity rather than their deserving.

We however inform all whom it may concern, that there is a flintiness in our material that cannot soften itself into a profession of satisfaction for what our judgment does not conscientiously approve of; and we warn all and every of the said parties, that while we shall as much as possible avoid the seeking for subjects to abuse (having hitherto in almost every case confined ourselves to such as have been placed in undeserved prominence); we shall state the exact truth of our belief according to the best of our said judgment, and where our statement is erroneous, it is our judgment aforesaid, and not our conscience that must bear the blame. Therefore, having before stated that we are not pretenders to infallibility, we offer our own pages to all fairness of observation upon our awards; and shall be most willing to give room to any contrariety of opinion, within the reasonable limits of eccentricity, that may dispute with us our dictum. Indeed, the business of criticism accumulates upon us so fearfully, that our responsibility has become a load which we would most willingly divide in the manner here proposed. We should then have the comfort of knowing that our error in judgment would be, in part, attributable to the negligence of another, if suffered to pass uncorrected. In the meantime we will take some of this responsibility from our contemporaries, by watching their proceedings in these matters, and looking that they do their business in a workmanlike manner.

The advance of high art is the motive which animates us to our task. We do not confine our notion of this matter to any branch of painting. Excellence in every quality of which a picture is composed, makes up the grand whole to which

we give the title; and we shall address ourselves most particularly to find out the holes discoverable in the best coats; for those are the easiest to repair. There are several phases in the artist's progress. In the early stages the encouragement of probation gives courage, and strengthens determination; but past a certain point, and having attained the ability to sell pictures with facility, there arises so many temptations to carelessness, and "that-will-do" facility, that a little worrying is of great service to the painter; and a critic is like one of those curs, which were supposed, as the author of *Waverley* informs us, to have been kept in small towns, for the purpose of barking at the heels of hack-horses, to assist them in amending their pace of going. Well, be it so. We don't mind persecution. "We likes persecution," and shall continue, without respect for celebrity, whether ancient or modern, to point out insufficiency, wherever to us discoverable.

But let us be understood as looking on a picture, not with reference to any other picture; but with reference to the principles of art alone. The resemblance of a work to any obsolete school, will not with us sanctify absurdity. Indeed, we have less toleration for a repetition of exploded error, than for that occasional wrong that is consequent upon a mistaken experiment. The one is obstinately blind to experience, while the other possesses, at least, the praiseworthy quality of a seeker; and, if he errs, does so with originality for his impulse.

H. C. M.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

THERE seems to be a change coming over the musical art, which must be hailed with satisfaction. Up to the present time, the great object of singers and players appears to have been the accomplishment of difficulties. The voice has been taxed to the utmost limit; it has been turned into a mere machine; everything has been sacrificed to execution; sentiment has been swallowed up by a shake; and a roulade, with a jump of an octave or so, has superseded the sustained sounds. In instrumental performance, the great object was to take the instrument completely out of its own character. We have heard a violoncello tortured into a bad violin; and a violin into an abortion of itself. And wind instruments have suffered all the convulsions of some monstrous parturition. We do, however, hope that some more rational ideas are springing up with the rising generation. We think there is a light glimmering in the horizon, which will spread far and wide; and are anxious, as much as possible, to assist in developing so desirable a consummation, as the sacrifice of execution to expression.

The extension of musical knowledge has, no doubt, been progressing, at a slow, but sure pace. The English public, formerly satisfied with almost anything presented to it, has attained a more delicate perception of the beauties with which music, as an art, abounds; and, consequently, demands from the artist a higher standard of excellence. We are, however, compelled to confess, that to the present time, the English artists, as a body, do not come up to this standard. The pre-eminence of foreigners, in every department, whether vocal or instrumental, must be acknowledged. But, even among foreigners, a more pure style seems to be aimed at. The world of music, at large, tired of mere executive excellence,

seeks something more suited to the present state of its wants, and wishes; and artists begin to find that a far greater sensation is produced by the delivery of a passage, with feeling, than by the display of almost superhuman difficulties, which, after all, is only just taxing human nature to produce monstrosities. A soprano going up to something in alto; or a bass, growling out an E flat; or a violin making a squeaking noise, with the little finger of the player stretched out so as nearly to reach the bridge; or a double-bass performing harmonies, have, ere now, produced extasies in an admiring audience. The mere possession of such powers is, however, now so common, that they no longer excite the same wonderment. The singer or player is, therefore, compelled to exert the talent powers to the utmost, in some other direction; and this, we believe, not to be towards musical expression.

There seems to be a notion prevalent amongst musicians of all classes, whether amateurs or professionals, that feeling, soul, or any other term which may be applied to that peculiar quality, is a something innate in the individual; without entering metaphysically into the doctrine of innate ideas, we will analyze the subject, and endeavour to show in what this quality consists. Feeling, and soul, are nothing more than a perception of the beautiful in the individual; it will be readily granted that some possess this faculty in a higher and more intense degree than others; it will also be granted that with constant exercise the power of the faculty will increase. There are many who possess it, but in whom it may be said to lie dormant; in this case the individual is only able to appreciate the possession when the object is presented to him, his sympathy is excited, and the object, whether a picture, a statue, a building, a poem, or music, produces exquisite sensations. It is the province of the artist to excite these sensations; and without this quality, this perception of the beautiful in himself, it is clear he cannot convey the feeling to another. In endeavouring to convey this sensation, he resorts to the power of his art, whatever it may be, and excites a sympathy in another corresponding with his own sensations. This is what we should call expression. The more delicate, the more intense the individual perception, the greater must be his power of expression; and the more this power is exercised the more it will increase, until art reaches its utmost limit, and is altogether lost in the intensity of beauty. It is clear, then, that expression is the result of a combination, in any one, of a perception of beauty, and of the power of embodying this perception; that is by his art. And, to gain this power, requires the full exercise of the faculty to that end, and not to mere impulse or off-hand sort of vulgar outbreak, which inferior persons are apt to designate as inspiration, and to imagine that nothing more is necessary than to work themselves up into a sort of nervous drunkenness; and that their insane attempts in this state, are to be set down to some almost divine emanation.

The real artist, the man of talent, or genius, if you will, knows that such a notion is a mere hallucination. He feels that, in the endeavour to give expression to his own perception of the beautiful, all mere efforts of impulse are not only useless, but are subservient of his intention; every sound, every inflection of his voice, every note must be studied. After trying innumerable combinations to find what will most clearly enable

him to unburthen his own feelings, he discovers those most suitable for different occasions, and treasures them up as rules for his future guidance. By continued exertion, he necessarily becomes more fastidious, more exacting from himself, and even with his utmost endeavours, feels he falls short of his own intensity of perception; the fire glows within him of which he is enabled to emit but a few sparks.

If we turn back from a contemplation of such high aspiration to the mediocrity that plumes itself in executive difficulties, it must be evident that, if in a musician, this execution, however extraordinary is the limit reached, he has not feeling, soul; he has no perception of the beautiful; how then can he express? Thus it is, that often after some most wonderful performance, no sympathy has been excited, and we leave disappointed. On the other hand, we do not mean to undervalue the possession of mere mechanical power; for without it an artist loses the means of expression; and saying that a musician delivers himself with expression, necessarily implies perfect command over his instrument, whatever it may be.

C. J.

STAGE MANAGEMENT.

READER, we are not now intending to institute an inquiry into the comparative fitness of certain parties, long before the public, for carrying on with success a dramatic speculation. We repudiate in this instance all reference to filthy lucre; and although the subject (it has just struck us) might be amusing as well as instructive, we shall resist an inclination that is now intruding upon our cranium for enumerating the various means by which a manager may gradually acquire independence and affluence by a continuity of failure; neither shall we endeavour to discover by what power of fascination a man that never succeeded in anything but demonstrating his deficiency in common sense, common faith, and common decency, is able to insinuate himself repeatedly into the confidence of those that he has so repeatedly disappointed.

"If the rascal have not given them medicine to make them love him we'll be hanged; it could not be else; they have drunk medicines."

But as we said in the beginning, we will have nought to do with stage politics, our business at present being purely artistic; and our stage-management has only to do with the arrangements made upon the stage itself, in the presence of the public. Few among our readers are aware of how much completeness may be sacrificed by intrusting the superintendence of grouping, the arrangement of furniture, and scenic appropriateness, to an individual of mere routine, who does not possess the eye of an artist, as perceptive of harmony in colour and composition. The stage should at all times be considered in the light of a picture, and the gracefulness of arrangement should never be lost sight of. There is nothing more detestably consecutive and fatiguing to even an untaught public than seeing three or four actors standing bolt upright in a row at the front of the scene, and saying their say by turns. This would never happen in society, and should never be permitted upon the stage. No part of this want of arrangement is attributable to the actor,—all to the stage-manager. The actor, whatever may be his talent, can only be responsible for his own individuality. Let him do what he may, the mistakes of another will destroy any

effect that connected arrangements might otherwise produce. But to the stage-manager every portion of the scene should be a subject of deep thought; and the inferior actors should be entirely under his control, and belong to his responsibility, as far as picturesque effectiveness has to do with them.

There is a remarkable difference between the English and the French stage in this particular. The superintendance of an artist, among our neighbours, is evident in every individual scene; and, in some, the consequence is striking. Even the supernumeraries, who say not a word, are there drilled into a capacity to stand, and sit, and lounge about, with reference to an agreeable whole; and we have been amused during a dull scene by observing the successive combinations of grouping that made the picture before us. The talent requisite for this purpose, is not so rare as many might imagine. It does not absolutely demand the education of an artist; for he has not to draw, nor manipulate; he has but to obtain a true theory founded upon orthodox principle. Art requires to be taken into account as an ingredient, and to be considered as a necessity. The principal actor must be thought of as a part of the picture, in combination with the other performers, and not isolated from the rest in such a manner as to destroy unity of form and breadth of effect; a means of escaping from difficulty of which we have too often to complain.

We believe that much of the defect we are now alluding to on the English stage, arises from the principal actor having had too much in his power. This, of course, would not be a disadvantage if he possessed a sufficient knowledge of the principles by which the effects he desires to produce might be brought about. But the actor does not always possess the talent desirable in the painter, and the perception of agreeableness in form may not be one of his accomplishments; neither is it possible that he, being himself a portion of the group upon the stage, can see the effect, as a whole, that is produced upon a spectator in the centre of the pit, or in the box that faces the proscenium. This is only possible to one who has nothing else to do but look to picturesque effect as his department. The actor studies appropriateness in his own costume, and grace in his own attitude, and believes that the more he is isolated from surrounding objects, the more he is likely to be effective, and command attention from his public. The isolation should not, however, be obtained by an unpleasant sprawlness of composition. It is sometimes insisted on at such a sacrifice, and we will name an instance. In the senate scene of *Othello*, Mr. Macready places the senators in the left hand corner, and keeps the entire remainder of the stage for himself, to give the speech called the apology. The nakedness of the scene by this arrangement is exceedingly unpicturesque, and contrary to every principle of art. It is not a composition at all; and *Othello* loses, consequence by want of contrast. The manner of giving sufficiency to the principal character, and distinguishing him in a group, is offered at once by arrangement of colour. Let those beyond and beside him be so dressed, that his figure shall be clearly delineated on them as a background by the power of harmonic contrast. And, above all, let the scene itself afford a *fond*, as it were to the actors, and not be made too prominent by unnecessary glare.

In costumes for the stage, positive truth may

not be indulged in; a little conventionality being absolutely necessary, from the fact that there is one quality of a picture over which the stage manager has little or no control. He cannot, by means of light and shadow, bestow a prominence where he pleases; he must, therefore, or at least, he ought, to draw upon other resources, to make up for what is there impracticable. He must find excuses for colour sufficient to give consequence to his principal figure. The hero or heroine of the piece must, somehow or other, be made to catch the eye of the spectator, and hold attention on themselves, even when not acting. Colour alone may do this; and, we think, there is in many of Mr. Macready's costumes, something to complain of in this matter. His best is that which he wears in the *King of the Commons*; there he is always picturesque, always pleasant to look upon, and harmonious in composition. The usual backgrounds give effect to his orange suit; but we believe his *Virginius* is much marred in the artistic quality we speak of from the want of absolute colour in his costume, sinking him, as it were, among the neutralities of the background; and continually presenting the audience with a picture, as it were, by a feeble artist, in which colour has been forgotten as a component. We think, therefore, that a too servile adoption of classicality, has injured the picturesque effect of this play.

Among the finest pictures we have seen upon the stage, is that of the last Act in *La Dame de St. Trépez*. The still-life arrangement of that scene was admirable throughout, and connected every varying composition that was formed by the actors; amongst whom, in the artistic quality we speak of, Frederick Lematre stands in the very first rank. We could mention twenty excellent tableaux that succeeded each other, without an appearance of art in that scene. These, it may be said, were formed by very good actors, with the most excellent in the department to direct them. We can, however, refer to another scene; the whole merit of which would be referred to the stage manager. In *Rebecca*, a piece that was produced during the last engagement of Rose Chéri, at the St. James's Theatre; there is a scene of a terrace, looking towards the sea, in which the prisoners of a fortress are permitted to amuse themselves, for a certain period, each day. There were some twenty or more of what we should call supernumeraries; some were seated at chess; others were playing at cards; some were looking on; some reading newspapers; one or two employed in sketching from the scenery beyond; and others, who strolled from party to party, were taking apparent interest in everything about them. These formed the background of the picture, while the business of the intrigue that made the plot was going on in front. None with a feeling for art, but must have been struck with the extraordinary truth presented in the business of this scene; the great variety of form in the various combinations, and the perfect balance maintained throughout. There was no repetition of attitude any where; each one, for the business entrusted to him, was as perfect as any actor could be; and there was not an eye among them that wandered from the stage, to make that sort of careless inquiry among the audience that is so destructive to the deception of the scene. Now, as we know that it is not often that the French play in London requires the number of supernumeraries that were presented on that occasion,

the whole of the drill that produced the appearance of tact we speak of, must have been attributable to stage management alone. We would, therefore, impress upon the managers of our London theatres to make the thing we speak of a part of their intention in a play; and we would prompt the existing stage-managers to consider it as the chief portion of their duty, and to look well to principle in their attempts to fulfil it; and we would suggest that all future stage-managers should be selected with reference to fitness for this duty. Let them take care that two actors do not stand together in the same attitude; a circumstance very offensive, and by no means uncommon. There is an imitative quality in the organization of an actor that has a tendency to betray him into such errors. He is not aware of it himself; but he is liable to have his motions suggested by those around him. If one near him folds his arms, he folds his arms; if his model rests his hand upon his hip, he does the same; repeating each motion as if he were himself an automaton, controlled by wires which the other had to work. The effect of all this is as harmful for his model as for himself, and is as unpleasant to the eye of an art-seer as tautology to a scholar, or consecutive fiths to a musician. When we say, that to these it is offensive, we do not mean to assert that it requires education to make the ear receive annoyance from the repetition of dissonance, or that the eye of the untutored may not be offended by disagreeableness in form. This is a mistake that we would not assist in perpetuating. The offensiveness is the same to all; the only difference is, that one knows how the unpleasantness has been caused, and can point out the error; the other, not being able to analyze what is before him, knows not the exact source of his uncomfortable-ness, and is apt to condemn the whole for the incompleteness of a portion. Thus is criticism useful to actors, managers, and artists; for its intention, when well-directed, is to discover the causes why the general public are not pleased; and, at a time when the education and aristocracy of the land are increasing in their indifference for our stage, to follow so enthusiastically that of the foreigner, as is the fashion of the moment, an endeavour to point out an exotic excellence, that is a portion of their temptation that it may be naturalized among us, is worthy of the applause even of those to whom our intention only seems to be a reproach. Want of attention to anything at home that may be obtained in perfection anywhere else, is a carelessness in management that has been long undermining the profession, and a deficiency that "cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in the actor's allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

It is something surprising to us that the circumstance of the favour with which pieces derived from popular illustrated works have been received, have not directed more attention to the quality we speak of. It has, no doubt, done something. We get more of a picture at the Lyceum than we do at the Adelphi, as far as the arrangement of the live stock is concerned. The present Adelphi piece of the *Flowers of the Forest* is tolerable with the gipsy tent; but the arrangement of the leafage behind which Madame Celeste overhears Lemuel's confession is unartistlike, and something comic, which it is not intended to be. This theatre in general crowds the stage too much, and there is a want of repose about its arrangements. The class of audience, however, are not exacting on the

subject, and there is but little motive for attempt at a higher style of art. We, however, hope to see a new era open itself to the drama. The most artistic management we have had has been the Vestris; and its recurrence will again place a stage upon an agreeable footing; and, we hope, entice our higher classes to a reconsideration of the sentence of *vilain ton* they have pronounced against the English drama.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

DESIGNS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE.—No. 2.

UPON subsequent visits some of the designs have improved in our estimation; not so, however, the two lucky ones. On the contrary, we are now more at a loss than ever to conceive what could especially recommend them. The club has, we suspect, been deluded by the perspective views, which are exceedingly deceptive; and, as we can hardly attribute it to other than studied intention, we may say that they are fraudulently so. Therefore, if they really have been imposed upon by graphic mendaciousness, the club would, we think, be justified in withholding the premiums. At any rate, they will do well to inquire, before they proceed further, how far such is the case; and, if only for their own satisfaction, let them have the Pall-Mall front of the "most approved" design, and that of the Travellers' (the smallest club-house *façade* in Pall-Mall), drawn to the same scale, by the side of each other; which done, they would, to their astonishment, discover that, though the view gives the idea of a much loftier and wider structure, their own building would be both lower and narrower than the other, consequently very much lower, indeed, than both Winchester-house, and some of the neighbouring club-houses in Pall-Mall.

Unlike the figures put into drawings, figures of measurement are most obstinate truth-tellers; and they tell us this, that the front of the "Travelers" is 69 feet wide, by 53·6 high to the top of the cornice, while the Pall-Mall frontage of the Army and Navy Club-house will be only 60 feet; and if realized, according to Mr. Tattersall's design, that front will be only 50 feet in extreme height to the top of the balustrade. Within a foot or two either way, it will, in fact, be no larger than the front of the University Club-house, towards Pall-Mall, East; but, having more features in it, it will look both comparatively crowded-up, and also more diminutive in scale. In fact, will look a very minikin affair indeed,—as puny in dimensions, and as trivial in quality as Arthur's Club-house; and be, not so high as the latter, by several feet. The same character may be given of Messrs. Fowler and Fisk's design (second premium), that being a conglomeration of arrant littleness. How utterly insignificant it was in all its features, may easily be conceived, when we say that the Pall-Mall front had seven windows on a floor, and the other eleven, wherefore it follows, that these windows must have been exceedingly small. That they showed themselves small in proportion to the rest of the design, we do not say, because littleness pervaded the whole, consequently, so far, there was consistency. Yet there was great inconsistency in other respects; for the meagreness of the window-dressings, even those of the principal floor, consisting merely of an architrave around the apertures, contrasted very incongruously with the parade, affected by

an order of Corinthian columns, introduced, it would seem, merely for the purpose of supporting as many statues above them, on the break in the entablature over each. The order itself must have been a very diminutive one, there being an attic above it; although the entire height of the building can hardly have exceeded, if it did not actually fall short of that of Mr. Tattersall's. In both designs, the rooms must have been low, both positively and comparatively; for although the sections of other designs were kept back—probably out of compliment to, or discreet consideration for, the two premium ones—many other exteriors indicated lofty apartments within. We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Tattersall's plan, and internal design; and we may almost say ditto in regard to Messrs. Fowler and Fisk's. To be sure, there was a very wide disparity between them in regard to the dimensions of the Coffee-room; but in other respects they were pretty nearly on a par as to arrangement and contrivance. The *Builder*, indeed, is, *suo more*, good-natured and indulgent enough to admire the Coffee-room, and to fancy that the centre part of it would have derived light through the glazed panels in the ceiling, midway its length. And so no doubt it would, had that room been at the top of the house, instead of being on the ground floor; but the first glance at the section—how unlucky it was not kept out of sight along with the others!—plainly showed that the open space above was a very narrow area—little more in fact, than an upright shaft open to the sky—to the bottom of which, even with *Falstaff's* celerity of sinking, light would hardly have found its way at all. That shaft, however, was intended to serve a double purpose: namely, to give light to—at least, to have windows opening into it from rooms in upper floors in that part of the plan, one of those rooms, namely, one on the first floor, being described as the "Secretary's." Poor Mr. Walton! how he must have trembled and quaked lest the ballot should decide in favour of No. 55, instead of No. 28!—had which happened, he would have been consigned to little better than Miltonic darkness visible, with no more enlivening prospect from his own window, than an opposite one, six feet over the way. Truly, Mr. Walton has had a narrow escape; for though, having forgotten to look, we do not know where abouts Mr. Tattersall puts him, it can hardly be in a *fouler* or so foul a place as that in which Messrs. F. and F. would have immured him.

To be more serious,—it will be tolerably obvious, from what has been said, that in No. 55 the principal floor is very much cut up, so that the drawing-room and library together (which are in the east front) do not occupy greater space than 101 by 29 feet, which, as regards length, exceeds only by a foot the drawing-room in one or two of the designs—for instance, Nos. 15 and 38, in both which the drawing-room was 98 feet long. How Messrs. Fowler and Fisk contrived to make their 101 feet, we cannot now say; for, unfortunately, we omitted to notice at the time how that manœuvre was accomplished by them; but it certainly required great ingenuity to get 101 feet internally out of a frontage whose extreme length is only two feet more; consequently, allowing only one foot for thickness of wall at each end, in fact, not so much as that, because—besides wall at the Pall-Mall end—there were columns also. Though the section showed some of the walls to be exceedingly thin, we can hardly imagine it was intended to

make them only nine inches thick, if so much. The "triumphal chariot" would not have triumphed long on the summit of so delicate a fabric; for unless a pasteboard one, it would soon have come down, and both that and Corinthian columns have been laid sprawling upon the pavement. Apropos to that same triumphal affair—it strikes us as an excess of complaisance on the part of the very complaisant *Builder*—which, by the bye, does not seem to have looked at No. 55 with much of a builder's eye,—that, after joining in the chorus against the unlucky Wellington Statue, it should not have ventured a protest—at least, a very gentle one—against the whim of sticking up a car and four horses on the top of a club house.

The two premium designs—for we have not quite done with them yet—struck us as belonging to that species of more showy than dignified architecture which we meet with in New Oxford-street. As street *façades* of that class, they might pass muster; but for a club-house, they were both, we must repeat, so insignificant in scale, so diminutive in all their features, that, were it possible for them to do so, we might fancy their architects had mistaken the scale when they came to their elevations, and conceived that they had fronts of about 90 and 150 feet; therefore, as proportioned by them, about 70 feet high. Such are nearly the dimensions which they were made to show in the perspective drawings; which leads us to remark, that it would have been a most wholesome regulation—one that ought henceforth to be observed in all future competitions—to have the perspective views upon the same scale as the other drawings, the heights being set off from the elevations, on the nearest angle of the building. The views would then be all of a size, which would not only greatly facilitate comparison, but would tend to instant detection of any gross departure from truth in regard to the size of adjoining houses. As a farther precaution against graphic falsehood—to which, we are sorry to say, architectural draughtsmen are most singularly addicted—it should be laid down as a strict rule for all competition drawings, that only a single figure should be allowed, to serve as a scale, and therefore be drawn faithfully according to scale. That figures upon a minor scale help to set off a design by causing the architecture to appear more imposing, is not to be denied; yet such imposingness partakes more or less of imposition, and sometimes amounts to actual dishonesty. Were the Army and Navy Club now to trust, without further inquiry, to the representation given of their future building in the perspective drawing of it, great would be their mortification, to find it, when erected, dwindled down into sheer insignificance, with windows barely three feet wide. Those who examined the designs ought to have provided themselves with a scale accurately drawn on a piece of card-board, on which might also have been marked the height of Winchester House, and applying it to the designs, would have very easily ascertained at once the maximum height of each, which ought then to have been affixed to it in the general list, and by adopting the same course for the sections, it would have been made evident, almost at a glance, which design provided the loftiest rooms; when, we suspect, the two approved designs would have been found to fall short of the average dimensions of the others. By no means do we mean to say that the loftiest dimensions ought to have been attended to, irrespective of other circumstances,

when there were so many to be taken into consideration. Yet the height was surely a rather important matter; nevertheless it does not appear to have been much attended to, for neither of the premiated designs seemed to recommend itself by any advantage in that respect. On the contrary, the coffee-room, in No. 55, was of very low proportions, its width being 32 feet, and its height, apparently, hardly half as much. As, excepting in one or two instances, the heights of the rooms were not marked, and the plans and sections, which would have supplied that desirable information, were confined in *limbo*, we cannot pretend to say how far the designs varied in that respect; but judging from external appearances, we should take the rooms in some of them to be low, and in one of those which had heights figured on the plan, that of the drawing-room floor was only 17 feet and a half, a very moderate height in comparison with that of the same floor in some of the present club-houses.

It is full time for us now to say something of some of the other designs, and we may begin by remarking that we were rather surprised at finding so very few imitations of Barry. Perhaps this was discreet, because direct imitation would have provoked direct and perhaps not very flattering comparisons. Nevertheless, though most of the architects appeared more disposed to strike into quite a contrary track, two of them had been contented to borrow from him very largely; the principal front of No. 62 being almost a verbatim copy of the Traveller's Club House, with the door in precisely the same situation, and without other difference in the composition than its being more extended, and having a great number of windows on a floor; while for the principal floor of No. 68, that of the Reform Club House had been even more closely copied, even to the exact number of the windows; but all the rest was undisguisedly the architect's own, or, if not, must have been borrowed from some obscure source. On the other hand, the authors of several designs seemed ambitious of opening quite a new *route* for club-house architecture, they having, incredible as it may seem, adopted Gothic, Lombardic, Moresco, and other styles, for which they are now perhaps to be envied, since they must have insured themselves against disappointment by sending in what they must have been confident would be set aside at the very first glance. In fact, they struck us as being so utterly out of the question, that we hardly stopped to look at their plans in order to ascertain what might be their merit in that respect. That we did not do so, we now rather regret, for we should like to be able to say what was the purpose of the tower in one of the Gothic designs, that reared its crest some twenty or twenty-five feet higher than Winchester House. But if we did not feel at the time particularly curious as to their plans, we would willingly have given something for a sight of the sections of such designs, that we might have learnt how far the respective styles were there adhered to, or attempted to be kept up; in our opinion no very easy matter, more especially when it is considered that the time afforded did not allow of much study. In one of them (No. 11), the Gothic style was not kept up very scrupulously. Indeed so far from showing himself a rigid observer of precedent, Mr. Truefitt had departed altogether from the genius of the style in his ground-floor windows, omitting the characteristic subdivision of the general aperture into minor

ones by means of mullions; and making the windows merely plate-glass sashes; notwithstanding which awful heresy, the *Builder* is pleased to commend that design for "the knowledge of forms." At any rate no great knowledge was shown either in that or other designs of similar character, of what was suitable for such a locality as St. James's-square and Pall-mall. The one which had most likelihood in its favour, was No. 50 (S. C. Fripp), which presented a clever and artistically treated application of Lombardic and early Venetian features and details. Such praise must, however, be limited to the upper portion of the elevations, for the lower part, the basement more especially, was not only of different, but of poor and even queer character. In one respect this design distinguished itself, viz., by having two entrances, an upper and a lower one; the latter leading immediately from the street into the entresol; the other forming an open loggia of three arches, with steps up to it. The only other design which provided two entrances, was No. 39, which showed one to the baths in the entresol on the side towards the square; and, as the principal entrance from Pall-mall, a lofty portal which occupied the height of both entresol and ground-floor, the ascent to the latter being within the building, and forming a flight of steps leading from a semicircular vestibule to an upper one. The two designs also agreed in having a bay at the angle of the two streets, but here again we must assign the preference to No. 39, for while in No. 50 that portion formed a rather unsightly excrescence, jutting out at that corner of the building; in the other, it did not show itself externally, but formed an alcove open to the morning rooms; thereby extending that apartment altogether to the entire length of the east or longer front. In the plan of its two principal floors, that design appeared to us to bear away the palm from almost all the others. It was ably laid out, rich in varied combinations, and well managed transitions; and must, we think, have been more than ordinarily attractive in its sections. It certainly stood quite alone in one respect, namely, in having a staircase, in which the ascent was carried, for its whole length, in wide straight-forward flights (as in that of Covent Garden Theatre), with columns at each end of it on the upper floor, and two similar compartments midway its length, the one on the west side open to a small gallery leading to the ante-room, from which last the staircase was seen, through two rows of columns. The effect would have been highly scenic, yet not, perhaps, too powerful, for the two drawing or evening rooms that had such protracted approach to them through staircase, gallery, and ante-room, were spacious apartments; the principal one being 66 by 26½ feet, the other 55 by 28, making together an area of 3280 square feet, which we take to be a considerably greater space than was allotted to similar purpose in any of the other plans. We may observe, too, that the "grand" staircase was so enclosed below as not to come into view until entered; and that it was more than usually entitled to its distinctive epithet; it being really a "*parade*" staircase, intended chiefly as the approach to the drawing-rooms; for although the library might be reached that way, access could be had to that apartment through the general staircase which communicated with every floor from the entresol upwards. We have been seduced into saying so much about this plan, that

we must still defer our notice of many other designs. However, we presume that the subject will be thought worth returning to, because though the main point is now settled, or supposed to be settled, for the club are likely yet to feel very unsettled about it—the interest of the affair can hardly have died away ere another week has passed; or ephemeral indeed must be the interest which the public take in architecture.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from our last.)

No. 220, *The Death of Mark Antony*; C. Elder. There is a good deal of cleverness in this picture; but there is an absence of refinement in sentiment. The female is not Cleopatra in character of form, countenance, expression, or costume. The dying expression of Antony suits the wording of the passage, but does not suit Antony. The picture is well drawn in parts, and rather encouraging as an attempt. The painter must prepare his next historical painting by more severity of previous consideration. There is a quality of character absolutely necessary for the hero.

No. 227, *Children at a Stream*; T. Roods. A pleasant little picture, very nicely composed, and true in expression. The colour, although subdued, is harmonious.

No. 232, *England*; T. Creswick, A. We need not the title to tell us this is England. Here we have one of those *chefs d'oeuvres* in art that causes us to forget art: all is nature; all is in its place; all is equally treated; there are no points, no claptraps; every part is so good that we cannot fairly point out a portion that is more happily treated than its neighbours. The foreground is a flooded road, through which are passing a waggon, drawn by three horses; and a mounted market-woman. A dog in the front hesitates. There is a footway-bridge by the side; beyond, a cornfield and a small farm-house; and a wide extent of cultivated flat country makes up the distance. The weather may be called showery; and everything shows the freshness of recent rain. When the sun sends its beams through the skylight of the gallery, the sky of the picture seems to be clearing up; but when the day without is cloudy, then does the painted atmosphere become lowering. We do not recollect seeing a more perfect picture by this artist; and that is a challenge to most of his class.

No. 234, *Portrait of the Viscountess Maidstone*; the Hon. H. Graves. Are we to treat this picture as the work of an amateur? If we are, it is a very extraordinary specimen; and must have been prefaced by no trifle of severe application.

No. 239, *The Death of Marmion*; R. Burchett. This is something high up; and we cannot speak positively of its details; but there appears to be a good deal of power in its treatment.

No. 240, *Portrait of Robert James Tennent, Esq.*; N. J. Crowley. If the shadows in the face of this picture were not quite so dark, it would be much better than it is.

No. 244, *Portraits of Mrs. Allen and Child*; R. Rothwell. The heads and hands of both mother and child are beautifully painted, in that brilliant freshness of complexion so peculiar to Mr. Rothwell's pictures. The infantine earnestness of the young one is very happily represented; and the shoulder and arm of the mother is satisfactory; but the remainder of the drapery in the lower portion of the picture, and the wall beyond is of so different a manner, that we cannot reconcile ourselves to the belief that it is the work of the same hand, however careless he might be.

No. 243, *Mid-day*; J. Linnell. Quite a gem of a landscape, that will, when age shall have accumulated appreciation, be worth any money. The foreground is almost too real. The picture does not exist, by the side of which this might not be

placed with advantage to itself. In the class of attempt to which it belongs, this is one of the *chefs d'oeuvre* of Mr. Linnell.

No. 246, *Love's Messenger*; F. S. Carey. We see nothing in this picture that should recommend it to the place it occupies. Its prominence challenges a criticism that it is by no means calculated to survive unscathed. This was no favour to the artist, whose reputation would have been advantaged by placing his work farther off from the eye. The general effect being by no means so bad as its manipulation.

No. 250, *Autumnal Moonlight—Watering Cattle*; A. Gilbert. One of the artist's very successful efforts.

No. 251, *An English Merry-making One Hundred Years ago*; W. P. Frith, A. Mr. Frith has quitted Moliere and genteel comedy, to elevate milkmaids and refine ploughboys. Here we have a village wake, with its pastoral wooings, and all that sort of thing. In the left foreground there is a young pair with their backs towards us, excepting that the girl turns sufficiently to give assurance of her beauty by a glance from her bright eyes and a glimpse of a clear and brilliant complexion. Her hand is held by an old girl with a baby at her back, who is telling her her fortune. Just beyond, beneath the branches of a spreading oak, is seated another pair, whose sweet converse has been interrupted by the solicitations of a heavy lout of a youth, that the damsels will be his partner in a sort of dance that seems to be going on much to the satisfaction of those engaged in it. The girl, of course, looks astonished at his boldness, while the youth seems indignant. In the centre the dancers are going through the figure of thread-my-needle, and are positively uproarious. On the right foreground, the grandfather and grandmother, at their tea, have been disturbed by party of the young ones, who are, by main force, hawking and pushing the old man to join the game. In the left distance there is a public-house, a skittle-ground, some hard drinking, and a little fortune-telling. Then the dancers are kept together by two musicians, a fiddle and a tabor and pipe, the latter being played by the village barber, as we learn from the appearance of some of his tools. This is altogether a very nice picture; the girls very pretty, and the boys sturdy fellows; the children happy, and the old people enjoying themselves. The heads are all well painted, and finished like fine miniatures, forming altogether a cheerful picture, that one can never tire in looking upon. But Mr. Frith must task himself to something demanding from him more of effort, for continuing this class of subject will but be to repeat himself.

No. 252, *Portrait of the Right Hon. Adam Black, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh*; J. Watson Gordon, A. There is much that might be better in the management of this picture.

No. 253, *Portrait of Mrs. Maberley*; R. Buckner. If Mr. Buckner were less hard and black in his shadows on the flesh, his portraits would benefit much in breadth and fleshy roundness.

No. 259, *Sketch of Children*; W. Musgrave. Cleverly painted. The hands too small. Stick to your drawing, Mr. Musgrave.

No. 260, *Crossing the Sands at Low Water*; F. R. Lee, R.A. You must stand so far off from this picture to like it, that it would perhaps be best of all out of sight. It is not a good selection as to subject, and Mr. Lee's effects, without detail, have no opportunities where the thing painted is not effective.

No. 261, *A Fountain Head, Chippenham, Wilts*; A. Provis. If the artist had taken more pains he would have done much better. This is no time to send slighted works to exhibitions.

No. 265, *The Morning Walk*; J. Linnell. This beautifully painted head is injured by the absence of repose in the background. The perplexity of line in the treatment of the foliage bewilders and offends the eye. The lady seems walking out of a bush; the background is coming forward, like an impudent third-rate actor, that will be seen and heard before his principal.

No. 271, *Scene near Cattolica, Adriatic*; C.

Stanfield, R.A. A very beautiful picture, in the the manner of treatment peculiar to the artist. We find Mr. Stanfield much improved since last year. The perspective presents more truth; and there is absolute air. Everything now takes its proper place, by an agreement of line and tone.

No. 272, *Beagles*; C. Josi. Very finely painted. The dogs full of motion, playfulness, and truth of character. Mr. Josi imitates no one, but paints excellently, with nothing but nature for his model.

No. 273, *The Orphan's Prayer*; T. Clayton. Mr. Clayton can paint a great deal better than this. He is much advantaged by being hung where he is; for there is some difficulty in seeing how badly the heads are treated.

No. 274, *A Water Mill*; J. Stark. With something of larger treatment in foreground, this would be much improved.

No. 275, *The Pulse: Episode of the Sentimental Journey*; J. Hollins, A. The tone of this picture is very rich and satisfactory. The drawing, except a little meanness about the legs of Sterne that might be improved, is sufficient. But the consistence in the general colour, is very successful; and the whole a great step in the right direction.

No. 276, *Mrs. Frederick Millbank*; F. Grant, A. This is a very interesting portrait; nicely arranged, and treated with all the sentiment of a composition.

No. 282, *Portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Roxburgh*; H. W. Phillips. A pleasantly composed and well-painted portrait.

No. 283, *A Mill in Wales*; J. Ward, R.A. An abomination made prominent. Mr. Ward will have his bond—

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true,"
the worst pictures in the exhibition are by a Royal Academician.

No. 284, *The Village Church*; A. Rankley.—

"And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

A very clever picture, indeed, Mr. Rankley, that should change places with the one above it. It is excellent in composition, the heads well-painted, with much refinement in expression, and selected individuality of character. The converted scoffer and his friend in the foreground, are well put together; and the quiet notice taken of them by the clergyman, is happily expressed. Mr. Rankley possesses the material for another of our celebrities.

No. 288, *In the Village of Giggleswick, Yorkshire*; W. G. Herdman. A nicely composed little picture.

No. 290, *Ruined Castle on the Banks of the Rhine—Sunset Effect*; H. Bright. Broad and very effective.

No. 291, *The South Sea Bubble: a Scene in Change-alley in 1720*; E. M. Ward, A. It seems to us, that Mr. Ward attempts too much in this picture. In his present position he cannot afford to fail; and in the quantity this picture contains there is a great variety of success. He would measure himself with Hogarth; and, in so doing, runs the risk of being reproached with being an imitator. A great part of this picture is a crowd merely; in which, although all are inspired by the same motive, individuality of character would produce a greater variety of result. Let him compare this crowd with Hogarth's *March to Finchley*, and he will see that every figure there is about some distinct matter, and not merely in the way. In manipulation there is, upon the whole, a manifest improvement upon last year. The female carnations are much more successfully treated; and we have less of the blackness of shadow that dirties the flesh tints to complain of. The boy begging is, probably, the best; the maniac in the corner is not so successful; and there is much careless painting in the group round the table to the right. The centre group upon which the greatest pains have been bestowed, is rather gaudy than harmonious in colour, the black satin, though well painted, being too intense for its place in the picture. The want of repose that is so general injures its own intention by the absence of con-

trast. All are eager, producing consecutiveness of expression. There is an extreme anxiety in a lady to pawn her jewels, and there is the same anxiety in the Jew pawnbroker to receive them; this is neither natural nor effective. The interior of the shop is, moreover, carelessly painted; as if the artist had got tired of his work before its finish. There is a vast amount of materials for a fine picture in this artist, but they require to subside; and we shall see something from him in a year or two, that will cause these, his early works, to be forgotten. He must be more difficult and careful in selection; and not take anything that comes, and call it composition.

No. 297, *Hill Preaching in the West Highlands*; J. Drummond. Here we have, to us, a new name; but, nevertheless, an artist of very first-rate ability. In the quality of manipulation the artist before us takes a very first rank as a painter; and in many other qualities he is not, even now, far from excellence. The general hue of his effects is warm; reminding us rather of an Italian atmosphere than the chilly north. The expression of his countenances are full of individuality; indeed, so much so, that they seem to have been derived from *fac-simile* imitations of unselected portraiture. Beauty is something that the artist has not sufficiently considered; and this has been probably the consequence of some stern religious theory that has thought of moral rather than physical excellence. But this is a mistake which, on reconsideration, the artist will reform. A picture has its laws of effect that may not be interfered with by any metaphysical subtlety; and the highest aim of art is the reproduction of physical beauty, which is only at its perfection when accompanied by the sentiment of that moral worth which the artist would have us consider to be sufficient in itself. The consequence of the theory of the artist, if it be his theory, and we cannot believe that any accident would have refused a picture, that contained so much to admire, so many necessary qualities for making it sufficient; we say the consequence is, that the picture lacks elevation and ideality; and it, moreover, is very deficient in breadth. There is no leading group; no leading light, no leading personage, no leading sentiment. It is a preaching, that is all. It is well drawn upon a generality of unselected form. The painting is, throughout the foreground and middle-distance, beautiful; but as the figures recede they do not lose their warmth of tone, and the atmosphere is unnatural. More of greyness in the background would have amended this. There are parts in the painting very beautiful. The reflected *chiaro oscuro* of many of the faces that are turned from the light is most masterly in conception and execution. One old woman in the left hand corner is truth itself; and a Highlander, in the foreground, and his sleeping dog are only surpassed in textural painting by Mulready; and, in some portions, might contest the matter even with him. There are many other portions of the picture equally fine; and, with some elevation in the *beau ideal*, an endeavour at mass, and breadth of light and shadow, and more of aerial perspective in the distance, this painter would leap, at a bound, to the first rank of his profession.

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This is clever in composition, and if intended to prove that Mr. Witherington has

devoted more study to the drawing of the human figure than is general with landscape painters, it proves the fact, although not more to our satisfaction, than might be gathered from the groups with which his pictures are always ornamented.

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Our attention has been drawn to this picture by something wrong in catalogue, there being two pictures with the same title. This is, no doubt, a mistake; for this is a river scene. There is much transparency in the water; but the picture is so high we cannot be positive as to its merits.

No. 317, *Beppo*; A. Elmere, A.

The chief claim of this picture on our consideration, is its colour; and in that department its claim is high. Its drawing is not first-rate, and its *beau ideal* of form is mediocre. There is a good deal of affectation in the fingers of both Laura and her paramour. It is, we know, an attempt at sentiment in this particular; but it is not successful in drawing. Laura's head is common-place, and wants costume. She is not Italian. Large eyes are too evident a trap to be relied upon entirely; and the faces of Mr. Elmere have little else to ornament them besides very nice painting. The Turk is good; his pose is good; his expression is tolerable, although not remarkably connected with the story; and his colour is the great

recommendation of the picture, which is altogether brilliant, and harmonious in effect. We should like to see some evidence of improvement as a draughtsman in Mr. Elmere.

No. 322, *Doubtful Weather*; T. Creswick, A. A scene on a common, with a sky, as the title would denote. The ground is wet, and the clouds threatening. Landscape painting has no future to look to. Perfection, as far as it is possible for art to reach nature, has been attained over and over again; and there are many pictures in this exhibition that, however often they may be equalled, will never be surpassed.

No. 331, *The Impending Mate*; F. Stone. A handsome and aristocratic young couple playing at chess, with quite the air of persons that are thinking of some other matter. There is much of elegance in the forms, and the lady's head is beautiful, although the carnations are not equal to some that we have seen by the artist. The head of the gentleman is, however, a failure, and the outline of the chin is hard and cutting; indeed, there seems to be evident in the whole face that the perception of truth in the representation of flesh in shadow has not been possessed by the artist. The reflected light is not natural, and the whole offends as insufficient. This is the more to be regretted, as there seems no want of consideration and carefulness in the remainder of the picture; which is, allowing for the *Keepsake* character of the composition, pleasant to look upon. Mr. Stone should have taken council in the chess business, for there is no immediate mate upon the board.

No. 339, *Charites et Gratiae*; W. Etty, R.A. Colour in art, like charity in morals, may be proved, in innumerable instances, to cover a multitude of sins. And we believe the reputation of either is almost as effectual a cloak as the thing itself. The accumulation of artistic fame becomes, at last, the sanctifier of artistic error. Mr. Etty is now satisfied with throwing his pencil at the canvass, and calling the result a picture. But aristocracy will have its privileges in art as in politics; and, having the privileges, they must, of course, be used. Who but Mr. Etty could send these three lanky nudities, and, sticking to their tails a paragraph as long as themselves, call them graces? Their heads, when compared with their feet, and the distance measured, seem to be looking for their toes out of a second floor window. We, who used so anxiously to look round for fresh Etty's, now do so with fear and hesitation. This is coloured rather in his manner than his style; and the drawing is but an example of how far from nature genius may allow itself to wander, when it refuses to control itself by principle. The chief errors of this picture might have been prevented by a pair of compasses or a carpenter's rule. We cannot, as critics, look upon such pictures otherwise than in reference to principles in art. There is no single excellence so great in itself that it should palliate the many deficiencies of this picture; and, least of all, can such an excellence be found upon this canvass.

No. 340, *From the Parable of the Lost Sheep*; J. Severn. This picture is not calculated to make a reputation for an unknown man, nor benefit the fame of one already celebrated. We have seen pictures of promise by Mr. Severn; this is not of the number.

No. 343, *The Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, with her two youngest Children*; J. Sant. Brilliant, if brilliancy may be co-existent with rawness. The picture wants tone: a quality that Mr. Sant usually endeavours for.

No. 355, *A Scene from the Spectator*; W. P. Frith, A. This is the Spectator and Sir Roger de Caverley examining the alterations that had been made in the portrait of the knight, adopted as the sign to a public-house, in which an attempt had been made to change it to the Saracen's Head. We like Mr. Frith best in genteel comedy; and we think the expression of the Spectator's quiet mirth, while contemplating the conversion of the good knight, is excellent.

No. 360, *A View of Edinburgh from the Castle Hill*; D. Roberts, R.A. We are glad to see Mr.

Roberts has at length discovered that there are subjects in Britain worthy of his pencil. All his Spanish, Moorish, and Belgian scenery cannot produce a specimen that will advantageously compare with this vivid transcript of the modern Athens. The spectator is placed on the top of the Castle Hill. Immediately beneath him is that lengthy piece of ordnance known by the title of "Auld Meg," and yet beneath is the Castle-yard continuing into the High-street. To the right is the Old Town; and in the left centre is the railway lying in the hollow between it and its younger sister, and showing the line of shops in Princes-street; beyond, the Museum and the eccentric Gothic church. In our front rises Carlton Hill, with its strange collection of monuments. Arthur's Seat forming the extreme right, while the sea is the distance of the picture. This is the most complete representation of the most picturesque city in the world that we have ever seen; and those that go to the exhibition of the Royal Academy may satisfy themselves with having as vivid a recollection of Edinburgh as if they had visited the city itself by railway.

No. 361, *The Combat*; R. Ansdell. A large picture of a fight between two stags. We have observed that Mr. E. Landseer usually selects subjects for composition in which the animals are depicted rather in repose than in violent and uncommon action, such as those in which Snyders delighted. Mr. Ansdell seems to have noted this omission, and has determined to occupy the vacancy left untenanted. Here we have an example, and we congratulate him on his success. The composition is very good; the details well made out, and the opposite character of expression between the heads very successful. Something more in texture as to the coats of the animals might yet be desirable if we were hypercritical.

No. 371, *Vingt-un and Major, the Property of Sir Henry Meux, Bart.*; A. Cooper, R.A. The dog and horse might pass, but the man beyond is too eminent in a bad drawing to escape. If Mr. Cooper had to connect the legs with the head he would be puzzled to acquit himself even to his own satisfaction.

No. 372, *Highland Gillies, with White Hare, Red Deer, Black Grouse, &c.*; R. R. McIan. One of Mr. McIan's highland groups. The standing boy carrying the game is good, and stands well upon his pins; but we think the sitting figure is deficient in character.

No. 373, *Market Day at Settle*; W. G. Herdman. There is a good deal to praise in this picture. It might have been more cared for in parts; but it is on the whole clever.

No. 384, *The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe*; J. Sant. This is a superior picture to its pendant. The consistency of atmosphere is more sufficient.

No. 385, *John Milton visiting Galileo when a Prisoner to the Inquisition*; S. A. Hart, R.A. There is nothing about this picture with which we can conscientiously express our satisfaction. The head of Galileo is that of a sensual old idiot; his temperament is sanguine-lymphatic, giving evidence of nothing in common with philosophic inquiry. Milton is little better, while the Monkish gaoler standing by the door is by far the cleverest man of the three. This is a sorry attempt at high art.

No. 386, *On the River Wye, in Derbyshire*; C. Silvester. A clever sketch.

No. 391, *A Landscape Composition, illustrative of a Passage in "Thompson's Seasons"*; J. Middleton. A very clever and effective picture; sketchy, but very masterly in its treatment.

No. 392, *Scene from the "Taming of the Shrew"*; A. L. Egg. Bianca with her two amateur teachers. A very clever Venetian-looking picture; very eminent in individualization and costume; and most excellent for consistency in atmosphere. The truth of light is most remarkable; and it is also marvellously happy as an effect of colour, that is not injured by other deficiencies.

No. 393,—

"And as the father he hath done,
In bounden duty doth the son."—Old Song.

G. R. Smith. A little chap caricaturing his

most respectable parent. A clever little picture. The young dog has, no doubt, the organ of imitation largely developed.

No. 395, *Mrs. John Palmer, wife of Capt. Palmer*; Fanny Geefs. A very pleasingly composed portrait; but the texture of the satin is far more successfully imitated than that of the flesh.

No. 397, *Early Grief*; W. Corden, Jun. A child mourning over a dead dog. This picture, though very high up in the room, seems to us to possess much cleverness; and to be well-drawn, and true in sentiment. We shall, we have no doubt, hear again of Mr. Corden.

No. 401, *Drovers halting on their way over the Mountains*; T. S. Cooper, A. This is a magnificent picture of its class; and is, to our thinking, superior to either of those sent to the exhibition last year by the artist. The sunshine of the foreground might dispute with Cuyp. The misty air is true, and the grouping is happy. The air of the picture is also very satisfactory.

No. 408, *The Caution*; N. J. Crowley. An experienced matron lecturing a young girl to beware of the opposite sex; with what success is intimated by the *billet doux*, the young one conceals behind her, while listening; the favoured swain is also seen peeping, in the distance. There is a good deal of fact about Mr. Crowley's style. A little more of elevation would do no harm.

No. 420, *Faust in Margaret's Prison*; H. Pickersgill, Jun. There is a good sprinkling of cleverness in this picture; but the composition is, if we may be excused the term, something sprawling; it is deficient in unity.

No. 421, *The Burial of Charles I*; A. Johnston. Mr. Johnston has made a step in advance this year. There is much of the grave dignity of high art in this picture. The story is told well; the noble attendants perform their offices like noblemen; the heads are all well-painted, and ideality is not entirely sacrificed to portraiture. The drawing is satisfactory; and although the tone of colour is, from the nature of the subject, sober, it has great breadth.

No. 422, *Mated*; F. Stone. This is the pendant to the picture of the "Impending Mate," that we have described in the middle room. The game has ended, and the young man is on his knees before his lady-love, who, it appears, has received his declaration favourably. The composition of this picture, having more unity than its fellow, is so far, superior. Here we have the places of the figures reversed; and now the light is behind the lady, whose face is painted with the same deficiency of *chiaro oscuro*, as that of the youth in the other; it is very poor and hard. The effect of colour, and the texture of everything but the flesh is very good.

No. 423, *Practising the Anthem—an unexpected pause*; C. H. Lear. The organist interrupted by the bellows having gone to sleep. The rage of the musician is well expressed; and there is a "wont he ketch it" look about some of the choristers, that has much humour. The chief excellence of the picture, however, is its colour, its costume, and its general lighting. It seems, without being absolutely gothic, as if it were not painted in our time. Mr. Lear is not very first-rate as a draughtsman, but he has much talent in making what he knows go far; and if he does not delight us with his *beau ideal*, he masks the want of it very completely.

No. 434, *The Bride of Lammermoor*; H. D. Hon. Another clever amateur. The tone of this assists very much the sentiment. It behoves our artists to exert themselves when pictures like this are painted for fun.

No. 435, *A Gypsy Haunt*; S. R. Percy. A good deal of cleverness and evidence of pains-taking; but the whole wants air.

No. 438, *From the Lake—just shot*; G. Lance. One of Mr. Lance's gorgeous pictures of game, fruit, and still-life, with landscape beyond, that our readers can imagine better than we can describe.

No. 444, *A Study of Children*; J. W. King. Two children's heads in a circle; the one looking out of

the picture towards the spectator, is painted in a very first rate manner.

No. 452, *Peter denying Christ*; J. H. Wheelwright. There is a great deal to approve of in this picture; but it is not high art; and even with the figure of the Saviour, which is in itself good, the story does not unfold itself. The chief defects are character and costume. The place does not remind us of Judea. It is Italy in the middle ages; and the soldiers are condottieri. The drawing is not incorrect; on the contrary, it is rather learned than otherwise; but it is deficient in grandeur of model. St. Peter, for instance, does not possess the character of form that is required to give him consequence and attract attention. He wants presence. The same may be said of the Roman soldier. He wants physical power; and would be, if his armour were removed, slender enough for a linendraper. The colour of the picture wants consistency; the white drapery of the female being lit by a different tone of light from the rest. She is of material harm to the breadth of the picture, which is not otherwise rich enough to survive the injury. The tone of the background is obscure and mysterious, and is of itself a well-intentioned success. There is so much that is good in this picture, that it requires much pains to discover why it is a failure, although that it is so at once apparent.

No. 453, *A Merry-making*; F. Goodall. This is a very clever picture, indeed; and, judged of as a composition merely, leaves us nothing to say that is not praise. The groups are excellently managed, the gradations admirably cared for, and the air is happily expressed. This is the best picture Mr. Goodall has yet painted, and is a vast improvement upon last year's productions. There is study every where, much individuality of character, and excellent painting; though, in texture, we would warn Mr. Goodall to suspect himself of something leathery. This may have arisen from having had much to do with French complexions; but we sometimes have to object that the carnations to the choicest of his female countenances want transparency, and are inclined to redness. There is, indeed, so many faces thoroughly French in this picture, that it is difficult to decide whether or no it is a French scene. This peculiarity in the artist will wear off without effort; but his deficiency in drawing can only be remedied by study. One of his great defects is the mannerism of short legs; which gives his crowds the appearance of being composed of a race of pygmies. This must be looked to. The artistic world is getting every day more exacting; and Mr. Goodall is young enough to live past the times when these errors will find tolerance.

No. 454, *The Field Burn*; J. Middleton. Very clever and happy in touch.

No. 456, *The Liberation of Slaves, on Board a Slave captured by a French Ship of War*; F. Biard. We saw this picture last year in the Louvre. It is a fair specimen of the master. But Biard is known in England; having several times exhibited before. He may not be considered an average specimen of French art, for he is at the head of his style; and presents greater finish, combined with more absolute truth of colour, than most of his school. There is no portion of a picture that he chooses to neglect. All is carefully considered; and his power of touch may nowhere be more remarkably exemplified in this picture than in the straw hat that catches the sun's rays as lying on the ship's deck.

No. 457, *A Scene on the East Coast of Scotland*; E. Gudin. M. Gudin is another French celebrity; an indefatigable painter; often more remarkable for the quantity than the quality of his productions. This picture is, however, a great improvement upon that sent last year, and is one of the best we have seen by him.

No. 463, *The Briton's Stronghold*; A. D. Cooper. An ancient Briton with his wife and child, upon a rock, and hurling down fragments of stone upon the Roman soldiers who have discovered his retreat. There is a good deal of very nice drawing in this picture. The *beau ideal* of the artist

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No. 317, *Bepo*; A. Elmere, A. The chief claim of this picture on our consideration, is its colour; and in that department its claim is high. Its drawing is not first-rate, and its *beau ideal* of form is mediocre. There is a good deal of affection in the fingers of both Laura and her paramour. It is, we know, an attempt at sentiment in this particular; but it is not successful in drawing. Laura's head is common-place, and wants costume. She is not Italian. Large eyes are too evident a trap to be relied upon entirely; and the faces of Mr. Elmere have little else to ornament them besides very nice painting. The Turk is good; his pose is good; his expression is tolerable, although not remarkably connected with the story; and his colour is the great

recommendation of the picture, which is altogether brilliant, and harmonious in effect. We should like to see some evidence of improvement as a draughtsman in Mr. Elmere.

No. 322, *Doubtful Weather*; T. Creswick, A. A scene on a common, with a sky, as the title would denote. The ground is wet, and the clouds threatening. Landscape painting has no future to look to. Perfection, as far as it is possible for art to reach nature, has been attained over and over again; and there are many pictures in this exhibition that, however often they may be equalled, will never be surpassed.

No. 331, *The Impending Mate*; F. Stone. A handsome and aristocratic young couple playing at chess, with quite the air of persons that are thinking of some other matter. There is much elegance in the forms, and the lady's head is beautiful, although the carnations are not equal to some that we have seen by the artist. The head of the gentleman is, however, a failure, and the outline of the chin is hard and cutting; indeed, there seems to be evident in the whole face that the perception of truth in the representation of flesh in shadow has not been possessed by the artist. The reflected light is not natural, and the whole offends as insufficient. This is the more to be regretted, as there seems no want of consideration and carefulness in the remainder of the picture; which is, allowing for the *Keepsake* character of the composition, pleasant to look upon. Mr. Stone should have taken council in the chess business, for there is no immediate mate upon the board.

No. 339, *Charites et Gracie*; W. Etty, R.A. Colour in art, like charity in morals, may be proved, in innumerable instances, to cover a multitude of sins. And we believe the reputation of either is almost as effectual a cloak as the thing itself. The accumulation of artistic fame becomes, at last, the sanctified of artistic error. Mr. Etty is now satisfied with throwing his pencil at the canvass, and calling the result a picture. But aristocracy will have its privileges in art as in politics; and, having the privileges, they must, of course, be used. Who but Mr. Etty could send these three lanky nudities, and, sticking to their tails a paragraph as long as themselves, call them graces? Their heads, when compared with their feet, and the distance measured, seem to be looking for their toes out of a second floor window. We, who used so anxiously to look round for fresh Etty's, now do so with fear and hesitation. This is coloured rather in his *manner* than his style; and the drawing is but an example of how far from nature genius may allow itself to wander, when it refuses to control itself by principle. The chief errors of this picture might have been prevented by a pair of compasses or a carpenter's rule. We cannot, as critics, look upon such pictures otherwise than in reference to principles in art. There is no single excellence so great in itself that it should palliate the many deficiencies of this picture; and, least of all, can such an excellence be found upon this canvass.

No. 340, *From the Parable of the Lost Sheep*; J. Severn. This picture is not calculated to make a reputation for an unknown man, nor benefit the fame of one already celebrated. We have seen pictures of promise by Mr. Severn; this is not of the number.

No. 343, *The Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, with her two youngest Children*; J. Sant. Brilliant, if brilliancy may be co-existent with rawness. The picture wants tone: a quality that Mr. Sant usually endeavours for.

No. 355, *A Scene from the Spectator*; W. P. Frith, A. This is the Spectator and Sir Roger de Caverley examining the alterations that had been made in the portrait of the knight, adopted as the sign to a public-house, in which an attempt had been made to change it to the Saracen's Head. We like Mr. Frith best in genteel comedy; and we think the expression of the Spectator's quiet mirth, while contemplating the conversion of the good knight, is excellent.

No. 360, *A View of Edinburgh from the Castle Hill*; D. Roberts, R.A. We are glad to see Mr.

Roberts has at length discovered that there are subjects in Britain worthy of his pencil. All his Spanish, Moorish, and Belgian scenery cannot produce a specimen that will advantageously compare with this vivid transcript of the modern Athens. The spectator is placed on the top of the Castle Hill. Immediately beneath him is that lengthy piece of ordnance known by the title of "Auld Meg;" and yet beneath is the Castle-yard continuing into the High-street. To the right is the Old Town; and in the left centre is the railway lying in the hollow between it and its younger sister, and showing the line of shops in Princes-street; beyond, the Museum and the eccentric Gothic church. In our front rises Carlton Hill, with its strange collection of monuments. Arthur's Seat forming the extreme right, while the sea is the distance of the picture. This is the most complete representation of the most picturesque city in the world that we have ever seen; and those that go to the exhibition of the Royal Academy may satisfy themselves with having as vivid a recollection of Edinburgh as if they had visited the city itself by railway.

No. 361, *The Combat*; R. Ansdell. A large picture of a fight between two stags. We have observed that Mr. E. Landseer usually selects subjects for composition in which the animals are depicted rather in repose than in violent and uncommon action, such as those in which Snyders delighted. Mr. Ansdell seems to have noted this omission, and has determined to occupy the vacancy left untenanted. Here we have an example, and we congratulate him on his success. The composition is very good; the details well made out, and the opposite character of expression between the heads very successful. Something more in texture as to the coats of the animals might yet be desirable if we were hypercritical.

No. 371, *Vingt-un and Major, the Property of Sir Henry Meux, Bart.*; A. Cooper, R.A. The dog and horse might pass, but the man beyond is too eminent in a bad drawing to escape. If Mr. Cooper had to connect the legs with the head he would be puzzled to acquit himself even to his own satisfaction.

No. 372, *Highland Gillies, with White Hare, Red Deer, Black Grouse, &c.*; R. R. M'Ian. One of Mr. M'Ian's highland groups. The standing boy carrying the game is good, and stands well upon his pins; but we think the sitting figure is deficient in character.

No. 373, *Market Day at Settle*; W. G. Herdman. There is a good deal to praise in this picture. It might have been more cared for in parts; but it is on the whole clever.

No. 384, *The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe*; J. Sant. This is a superior picture to its pendant. The consistency of atmosphere is more sufficient.

No. 385, *John Milton visiting Galileo when a Prisoner to the Inquisition*; S. A. Hart, R.A. There is nothing about this picture with which we can conscientiously express our satisfaction. The head of Galileo is that of a sensual old idiot; his temperament is sanguine-lymphatic, giving evidence of nothing in common with philosophic inquiry. Milton is little better, while the Monkish gaoler standing by the door is by far the cleverest man of the three. This is a sorry attempt at high art.

No. 386, *On the River Wye, in Derbyshire*; C. Silvester. A clever sketch.

No. 391, *A Landscape Composition, illustrative of a Passage in "Thompson's Seasons,"* J. Middleton. A very clever and effective picture; sketchy, but very masterly in its treatment.

No. 392, *Scene from the "Taming of the Shrew," A. L. Egg.* Bianca with her two amateur teachers. A very clever Venetian-looking picture; very eminent in individualization and costume; and most excellent for consistency in atmosphere. The truth of light is most remarkable; and it is also marvellously happy as an effect of colour, that is not injured by other deficiencies.

No. 393,—

"And as the father he hath done,
In boun'duty doth the son."—Old Song.

G. R. Smith. A little chap caricaturing his

most respectable parent. A clever little picture. The young dog has, no doubt, the organ of imitation largely developed.

No. 395, *Mrs. John Palmer, wife of Capt. Palmer*; Fanny Geefs. A very pleasingly composed portrait; but the texture of the satin is far more successfully imitated than that of the flesh.

No. 397, *Early Grief*; W. Corden, Jun. A child mourning over a dead dog. This picture, though very high up in the room, seems to us to possess much cleverness; and to be well-drawn, and true in sentiment. We shall, we have no doubt, hear again of Mr. Corden.

No. 401, *Drovers halting on their way over the Mountains*; T. S. Cooper, A. This is a magnificent picture of its class; and is, to our thinking, superior to either of those sent to the exhibition last year by the artist. The sunshine of the foreground might dispute with Cuyp. The misty distance is true, and the grouping is happy. The air of the picture is also very satisfactory.

No. 408, *The Caution*; N. J. Crowley. An experienced matron lecturing a young girl to beware of the opposite sex; with what success is intimated by the *billet doux*, the young one conceals behind her, while listening; the favoured swain is also seen peeping, in the distance. There is a good deal of fact about Mr. Crowley's style. A little more of elevation would do no harm.

No. 420, *Faust in Margaret's Prison*; H. Pickersgill, Jun. There is a good sprinkling of cleverness in this picture; but the composition is, if we may be excused the term, something sprawling; it is deficient in unity.

No. 421, *The Burial of Charles I*; A. Johnston. Mr. Johnston has made a step in advance this year. There is much of the grave dignity of high art in this picture. The story is told well; the noble attendants perform their offices like noblemen; the heads are all well-painted, and ideality is not entirely sacrificed to portraiture. The drawing is satisfactory; and although the tone of colour is, from the nature of the subject, sober, it has great breadth.

No. 422, *Mated*; F. Stone. This is the pendant to the picture of the "Impending Mate," that we have described in the middle room. The game has ended, and the young man is on his knees before his lady-love, who, it appears, has received his declaration favourably. The composition of this picture, having more unity than its fellow, is so far, superior. Here we have the places of the figures reversed; and now the light is behind the lady, whose face is painted with the same deficiency of *chiara oscura*, as that of the youth in the other; it is very poor and hard. The effect of colour, and the texture of everything but the flesh is very good.

No. 423, *Practising the Anthem—an unexpected pause*; C. H. Lear. The organist interrupted by the bellows having gone to sleep. The rage of the musician is well expressed; and there is a "wont he ketch it" look about some of the choristers, that has much humour. The chief excellence of the picture, however, is its colour, its costume, and its general lighting. It seems, without being absolutely gothic, as if it were not painted in our time. Mr. Lear is not very first-rate as a draughtsman, but he has much talent in making what he knows go far; and if he does not delight us with his *beau ideal*, he masks the want of it very completely.

No. 434, *The Bride of Lammermoor*; H. D. Hon. Another clever amateur. The tone of this assists very much the sentiment. It behoves our artists to exert themselves when pictures like this are painted for fun.

No. 435, *A Gypsy Haunt*; S. R. Percy. A good deal of cleverness and evidence of pains-taking; but the whole wants air.

No. 438, *From the Lake—just shot*; G. Lance. One of Mr. Lance's gorgeous pictures of game, fruit, and still-life, with landscape beyond, that our readers can imagine better than we can describe.

No. 444, *A Study of Children*; J. W. King. Two children's heads in a circle; the one looking out of

the picture towards the spectator, is painted in a very first rate manner.

No. 452, *Peter denying Christ*; J. H. Wheelwright. There is a great deal to approve of in this picture; but it is not high art; and even with the figure of the Saviour, which is in itself good, the story does not unfold itself. The chief defects are character and costume. The place does not remind us of Judea. It is Italy in the middle ages; and the soldiers are condottieri. The drawing is not incorrect; on the contrary, it is rather learned than otherwise; but it is deficient in grandeur of model. St. Peter, for instance, does not possess the character of form that is required to give him consequence and attract attention. He wants presence. The same may be said of the Roman soldier. He wants physical power; and would be, if his armour were removed, slender enough for a linendraper. The colour of the picture wants consistency; the white drapery of the female being lit by a different tone of light from the rest. She is of material harm to the breadth of the picture, which is not otherwise rich enough to survive the injury. The tone of the background is obscure and mysterious, and is of itself a well-intentioned success. There is so much that is good in this picture, that it requires much pains to discover why it is a failure, although that it is so is at once apparent.

No. 453, *A Merry-making*; F. Goodall. This is a very clever picture, indeed; and, judged of as a composition merely, leaves us nothing to say that is not praise. The groups are excellently managed, the gradations admirably cared for, and the air is happily expressed. This is the best picture Mr. Goodall has yet painted, and is a vast improvement upon last year's productions. There is study every where, much individuality of character, and excellent painting; though, in texture, we would warn Mr. Goodall to suspect himself of something leathery. This may have arisen from having had much to do with French complexions; but we sometimes have to object that the carnations to the choicest of his female countenances want transparency, and are inclined to redness. There is, indeed, so many faces thoroughly French in this picture, that it is difficult to decide whether or no it is a French scene. This peculiarity in the artist will wear off without effort; but his deficiency in drawing can only be remedied by study. One of his great defects is the mannerism of short legs; which gives his crowds the appearance of being composed of a race of pygmies. This must be looked to. The artistic world is getting every day more exacting; and Mr. Goodall is young enough to live past the times when these errors will find tolerance.

No. 454, *The Field Burn*; J. Middleton. Very clever and happy in touch.

No. 456, *The Liberation of Slaves, on Board a Slave captured by a French Ship of War*; F. Biard. We saw this picture last year in the Louvre. It is a fair specimen of the master. But Biard is known in England; having several times exhibited before. He may not be considered an average specimen of French art, for he is at the head of his style; and presents greater finish, combined with more absolute truth of colour, than most of his school. There is no portion of a picture that he chooses to neglect. All is carefully considered; and his power of touch may nowhere be more remarkably exemplified in this picture than in the straw hat that catches the sun's rays as lying on the ship's deck.

No. 457, *A Scene on the East Coast of Scotland*; E. Gudin. M. Gudin is another French celebrity; an indefatigable painter; often more remarkable for the quantity than the quality of his productions. This picture is, however, a great improvement upon that sent last year, and is one of the best we have seen by him.

No. 463, *The Briton's Stronghold*; A. D. Cooper. An ancient Briton, with his wife and child, upon a rock, and hurling down fragments of stone upon the Roman soldiers who have discovered his retreat. There is a good deal of very nice drawing in this picture. The *beau ideal* of the artist

possesses much elegance; but it is a little theatrical. It would be satisfactory in what is called a book print; but it wants breadth and grandeur of design as a picture. The curled hair, and the general dandy look of the man is fatal to our conception of the savage warrior; and the Roman soldiers do not remind us of the veterans that conquered Britain. As academy studies they would be something to admire; but in their present position, they have an how-got-you-there look about them. It is not, however, a picture that should discourage; for the best half of his work is done, and a little more of effect would crown the whole as a success.

No. 464, *Presbyterian Catechising*; J. Philip. There is a fine consistency of tone in this picture; it is admirably composed; rich in colour, and the story well explained. The young mother, with her infant at the breast, is from a beautiful model, and the carnations delicately painted. The whole put together without the appearance of art. There may be some inequality in manipulation; but the painstaking, observable in every part of this picture, is a guarantee for mechanical improvement, and, for all the rest, the material is in the artist. This is an interior, in which one of the elders is questioning his flock, and a very charming young girl is in a little confusion under his interrogatories. The great number of well painted interiors, in which numerous figures are treated so successfully, will compel exertion on the part of artists; and we do not doubt to see much excellence the consequence of the competition.

No. 468, *The Slave's Dream*; Mrs. McIan. Again: in the midst and shadows of sleep, She saw her native land.

A negress lying with her infant in the hold of a ship, with a shadowy production of her dream before her; the spectator being admitted to the confidence of her "mind's eye."

(To be continued.)

NASII'S VIEWS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

We leave to others to apply to this series of drawings the epithets, "splendid" and "magnificent;" epithets that have become so hackneyed and prostituted as to be of very equivocal, if not absolutely unsavoury import, and say that Mr. Joseph Nash has on this occasion greatly surpassed himself. One hitherto doubtful point—not at all doubtful, indeed, to ourselves, but greatly so, it would seem, to many others—is now settled most triumphantly; for the most sceptical must be convinced by this delicious collection of architectural scenes, that so far from such subjects being at variance with the picturesque, and therefore unfitted, at least ill-fitted for the pencil, they may be eminently picturesque in themselves, and that quality be further heightened and refined by the witchery of masterly graphic execution. The intrinsic charm and interest of the subjects here shown is such, that mere matter-of-fact truthfulness in the representation would be welcome, but to such truthfulness Mr. Nash has superadded the fascination of consummate artistic power. Figure painting, still-life painting, and architectural, may be said to be here all combined together, and in such manner that each is excellent in its way, and seems to have had as much attention bestowed upon it as if it had been, if not exactly the sole, the principal part of the artist's study. Such is the variety of objects of art, and *virtu* in some of the interior views, that each subject comprises an assemblage of valuable productions of painting and sculpture, and also of costly pieces of furniture. The three views of the corridor are particularly rich, both in that respect and in scenic effect, and as regards the latter, that showing the angle of the corridor is pre-eminently striking. Although every separate object is—except rendered indistinct by position or distance—most accurately defined, and the character of the various materials truthfully expressed, general harmony and breadth are so far from being at all sacrificed to carefulness of detail, that the drawings—pictures we should call them—are in a remarkable degree dis-

tinguished by those valuable qualities. Even as specimens of water-colour painting, this suite of views are charming studies, and show what may be accomplished in it. As illustrations, again, of Windsor Castle, they possess the incidental attractions of being almost the only ones of its interior; for although there have been two previous publications on the architecture of the edifice—one by Sir Jeffry Wyatville himself, the other by Messrs. Gandy and Bond, both were confined to the exterior, with the exception that they showed the plan also. It is not, indeed, every one who is equally enamoured with such subjects as ourselves. Many would prefer a "pig-style," by Morland, or a piece of sentimental namby-pamby by anybody else, to a view of the most tasteful modern interior, but Mr. Nash's work—for though we have not said so, our readers are probably aware that the drawings will be engraved and published—will contain much to gratify curiosity in the accessory and episodical *stuffage* introduced by the artist, and which in many instances reveal, in the only way in which it can be done, the *arcana of courtly representation* and its etiquette. The figures are admirably put in, and the artist has had the good taste not to libel her Majesty, under the pretext of flattering her, as had been done ere now, by making her a foot taller than she really is, a very blundering sort of compliment at best, inasmuch as it insinuates that she is too low to be dignified in her bearing to look as a queen ought to look.

FREE EXHIBITION.

We have attended a private view of this exhibition, and shall, in the ensuing week, give our opinions upon the pictures in detail. The principle upon which the association is based, not allowing the exclusion of any, it may be supposed that some strange instance of feeble ness have been hung up. These, however, must not affright the public from a careful examination; as there are very many clever pictures upon the walls. On the centre screen, in the place of honour, is a picture by Beard, of *Shipwrecked People on a Raft, attacked by a Shark*, that is worth a walk of ten miles to look at. It is a far finer picture than that by the same artist in the Royal Academy. The pictures collected here do not exceed two hundred. There are, however, in addition, some excellent sculptures. As a commencement, and an experiment, it remains to be seen with what welcome the public will receive this attempt. We shall not prejudge the matter with an opinion either way, but will give some account of the *élite* of the works in our number of next week.

THE SOLLY PICTURE SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.—On Saturday last this collection came to the hammer. The exhibition was interesting, as enabling the untravelled artist and connoisseur to compare, in many instances, without the prejudice of association, the judgment of Vasari and other authorities on art with the real production; and to do this unconnected with the solemnities of place, and in unaided reference to their mere merits as works of art. We cannot believe that the effect will be to increase their veneration for the opinions of the Italian critics; and we are rather pleased to find that the result of the sale evidences, upon the part of picture-buyers, a return to healthiness of estimate in these matters. The price of the sold pictures, while we were present, in no instance realised four hundred guineas; and, as we know that an unique volume which nobody would attempt to read (because half of its value would depart from it when the leaves were cut) will fetch sometimes twice that price; it may be supposed that these pictures were purchased rather as curiosities, or mementos of the state of progress of a period, than as representing any thing positive as to excellence. There was scarcely one of these pictures that could be called fine as a whole; and there was not a portion in any one that would have furnished a task of difficulty to very many of our artists; while there were

evidences in all of childhood in painting. The most marked deficiencies, excepting the early specimens, in which dry carefulness, and timidity were the characteristics, was in composition; and the greatest excellence, in correctness of design; but it is a cold correctness, the correctness of careful imitation of an object rather presented to the senses than the imagination. A fine model in *beau ideal*, was rarely, if ever, discoverable; breadth was a quality that had not yet been taken into consideration, and aerial perspective—a matter not in many cases attempted. *The Visitation of the Virgin to Elizabeth*, by Gaudenzio Ferrari was among the least gothic. The heads of Zacharii is of a fine conception, or a remarkable model. In the extracts from Vasari, attached to many of these pictures in the catalogue, there is much fulsomeness of praise bestowed upon artists far inferior to this painter, whom he has treated with neglect. The picture fetched 380 guineas. The most singular picture in the room was No. 35, *The Annunciation*, by Carlo Crevelli. It seems as if the artist had tasked himself in perspective, and the multitude of lines running to the point of sight combined with the infinity of petty details in this composition puzzle the eye of the spectator. This may be received as a specimen of the manipulation of the time in Italy, for this artist possessed a reputation in the matter, and has taken much pains; it is now nothing but a curiosity, in which a sacred subject is treated humorously in parts. It sold for 310 guineas. No. 37, *The Virgin and Infant Christ seated on a Throne*, by Innocenzo da Imola. He was an imitator of Raphael, and one of the figures in this picture, the angel that is with Tobit, is very Raphaelesque, too much so for the painter's claim to originality. This picture sold for 310 guineas. *The Bernardino Luini*—No. 39, *The Madonna seated in a Landscape*, is much injured, and apparently painted over in many parts. Sold for 372 guineas. No. 40, *The Madonna Seated on a Throne*, by Girolamo da Treviso; was sold to Lord Northwick, for 200 guineas. This specimen had also been very much retouched. It is a fine picture, something deficient in harmony. The infant Saviour is very beautiful. No. 41, *The Ascension of the Virgin from the Tomb*, attributed to Raphael, with the accompanying admission that a portion may have been by Fra Bartolomeo. The head of the Virgin is deficient in refinement; the other heads pensive, solemn, and grand; the composition is architectural and uniform, but the chief defect is the entire absence of consistency in light, some of the draperies giving black shadows and others not giving any; 380 guineas. The large *Giorgione*, rich and effective as to colour; but stiff and Gothic in composition. The large figures of *St. John the Baptist*, *St. Sebastian*, *St. Peter*, and *St. Paul*, are well drawn excepting the heads, which are disagreeable. The best parts of the picture are the two small angels, one of whom is playing the fiddle, the other a guitar. This was bought in at 500 guineas. No. 30, *The Passage of the Red Sea by Pharaoh and his Host*, by Mazzolini di Ferrari, is a comical collection of a multitude of figures that has the effect of strongly coloured caricatures cut out and pasted on a screen; and is a remarkable specimen of laborious imbecility that the ignorance of its period does not justify. Lanzi describes this artist as "possessing rare merit in the painting of small figures, displaying an incredible degree of finish, often appearing like miniature." To one who had not seen his picture this would represent an amount of talent their examination would not support. This specimen is singular from its ugliness, and fetched 230 guineas. It is worth while preserving such specimens, if it were only to correct the false impressions that criticism seems to think it a duty to perpetuate. The manipulation of this picture, its sole merit, is fifth-rate. No. 32, *The Sibyl, Giorgione*. Whether or not a copy, this is a grand and richly coloured picture; it sold for 136 guineas. No. 33, *Christ on the Cross*, Francesco Francia. This a very fine pic-

ture for its period. The figure of Job is excellent both in composition and drawing. The drawing of the Saviour is also very fine. This has the appearance of being a true picture. It has, however, suffered much, at some time or other, from the Skinner Company. No. 31, *Lorenzo Lotto, Portrait of himself, wife, and two children*. The flesh in this picture is finely painted, the composition is nevertheless ungraceful; price 215 guineas. There are two pictures by Girolamo da Cottignola; one, *The Ascension of the Virgin*, which sold for 240 guineas; the other, *Pope Gregory and St. Peter sitting in converse*, that sold for 203 guineas. Seen, side by side, the two pictures, if genuine, present a remarkable example of progress in manipulation in the same artist, as well as a decided change of character in drawing. In the first, we have the forms of his early master, Francia, but much more dry and hard in treatment than his model; in the second, there is roundness and texture, and superior character of design; but great care, study, and industry are discernible in both. Had we a gallery sufficient to contain a series of the masters of each school, such a collection would provide for the student and the connoisseur an occasion for obtaining a real estimate of the accomplishment of the early painters. The amateur tourist writes under the influence of an affection of enthusiasm that veils the truth from his natural perception, and contemporary criticism wrote of infant art with only the possession of infant knowledge. It seems, to us, that with, we will allow numerous excellences of exception, the greatest beauty of ancient art consists in the gravity of its expression.

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

Sir,—Unlike your correspondent, "Public Opinion," I should be vastly more astonished to find the *Builder* discussing the merits of the British Museum as a piece of architecture—for, in the first place, honest, straightforward criticism is not its *forte*, its opinions being invariably of a very milk-and-water kind; and, in the next, it is very cautious of saying anything offensive to ears polite, or that might run counter to generally-received notions. In regard to the "Wellington Statue," it had its cue; besides, that subject—although somewhat an out-of-the-way one for it—was a safe one; inasmuch as it could not at all disconcert the architectural profession. Far more extraordinary is it that the *Builder* should have been so far regardless of appearances as to take no notice whatever of the Institute's rejection, for the second time, of the offer made it by Mr. Weale, although it had just before allowed its columns to be the channel through which Mr. Weale's spirited letter to the Institute reached the public. Having passed the Rubicon, the editor might as well have informed his readers of the cool, not to say sulky manner in which the offer was dismissed by the august conclave to whom it was proposed. The matter was one of some importance and interest to the architectural profession generally; and not to the profession alone, but to those who, although not belonging to the profession, have a taste for studies, and are disposed to encourage architectural publications.

I remain yours, &c.,

A LOVER OF ARCHITECTURE, AND A FOE TO ALL PECKSNIFFISM.

THE DRAMA.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. Regnier and Mlle. Denain are the twin stars that have succeeded Rose Chéri at this theatre. M. Regnier is a clever and a legitimate actor, full of vivacity, and, moreover, of an unimpeachable declamation. His pronunciation being eminently articulate, without the slightest suspicion of pedantry. His *Dolbar*, the advocate in Picard's comedy of *L'Enfant Trouvé*, is an excellent piece of acting. We need not describe the drama, for, like everything tolerable and many intolerable, it has been translated, or perhaps we will call it

adapted to our English stage under the title of *Nicholas Flam*, by Mr. Buckstone; the adaptation portion being that part that makes the character he played himself. The French *Dolbar* was our *Nicholas Flam*. M. Regnier has twice acted *Heracles Duboulay* in *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, by Alexander Dumas, which being announced in the bills as *with curtailments*, and, as we have not read the play, it is possible that something slow in the acting arose from the withdrawal of the spicy portions, for which, of course, the author is not accountable. It was at all events slow. Indeed, the *Théâtre Français* is known as a slow coach, and it may be that the *repertoire* of its actors is not quite up with the period. Mlle. Denain is a neat actress, with much feeling occasionally; but is scarcely equal in degree with her male coadjutor. Mlle. Duverger continues, and is every evening, more *piquante*. Cartigny is as great, and Douvrey as eccentric as ever.

PRINCESS THEATRE.—Mrs. Butler has announced the close of her engagement at this theatre. We think the whole affair has been mismanaged; and, as a renewal of agreement has not been proposed, we may suppose that it has been, upon the whole, a failure. The only star that has succeeded at the Princesses was Mr. Macready; and there is a rumour of a renewed engagement between the management and that gentleman. He has the very considerable advantage in his favour of compelling the sufficient getting-up of the pieces in which he acts; with everyone else the Rag-fair system has obtained. So many unfortunates have come out at this theatre with very promising talent and been heard of no more that it has become the very *pis-aller* for actors, and the public are in a fair way to forget that it opens before nine o'clock. Miss Cushman, who has since won such golden opinions in the provinces, left this theatre like a candle that had burnt itself out, and made her fame in country theatres. Her benefit in London was a half-house. We fear Mrs. Butler will have damaged her reputation by coming out under such auspices, and that from being compelled to suit her characters rather to the means of the establishment than her own talent—to the opinion of uneducated assumption, than to her own judgment. The novelty of the week was *Marianne*, in Sheridan Knowles's play of the *Wife*: a drama that is scarcely tolerable when well acted, and which could not do otherwise than fail with the company here assembled. For ourselves, the scene in which *St. Pierre* borrows the dagger, as a schoolboy would a penknife, is to us so irresistibly spoony, that we are out of tune the rest of the play, and are not wound up to the appreciation of anything during the evening. To be sure, on this occasion the great disparity in size between Mr. Creswick and Mr. Rider in some sort excused the extreme cautiousness of the bravo. Next week we are to have *Mrs. Haller*, a character that has been played well by Miss Cushman, and will, we have no doubt, be played quite as well, if not better by Mrs. Butler.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The Keeley dynasty is drawing rapidly to a close; and we speak with no one that does not look forward to the change as something desirable. The last burlesque of this management is now before the public. Will the pair show as much of alacrity in caricaturing themselves under another management as they have done in their own? We doubt. When they step out of the directorship, they will become at once legitimate. There are reports abroad that they have closed with the Drury Lane committee. We doubt again. If Mr. Strutt ventures, it will be on his own responsibility, and the Keeleys have shown no quality at the Lyceum that fits them for the conducting of Drury Lane. Besides, the delicate finish that belongs to the style of both, would be lost in a large theatre; they could not possibly sustain a play upon their own shoulders; and they could not force themselves into the position of making way for any one else. If Drury Lane is let at all, we do not believe that Mr. Keeley is silly enough to have taken it.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

THAT all theatrical managements should be based upon the same principles is an unquestionable fact. Theatres may differ in size, populations may vary in number and intellect, yet the representing of the drama should be the same. It is true, the same amount of histrionic talent cannot be expected in a barn as in a royal establishment; but the same attention to business, the same desire to please, the same truthfulness, honesty, and gently bearing should be the study of both the manager of the theatre-royal and the manager of the barn. The same plays are acted under the roof of both, the manager of the one may, in due course of time, become the manager of the other, and it is therefore that the conduct required for the well regulating of the larger should be pursued with regard to the lesser Thespian temple. But, how different is the conduct of those who, "dressed in a little brief authority," control the destinies of the provincial theatres; but few, very few, understand their position, or endeavour to carry out the commission with which they are intrusted.

"Some are born to greatness—some achieve greatness—and some have greatness thrust upon them." So with managers; and but too many are thrust into positions "for which nature ne'er designed them." And yet the task is easy, when once the mind has conceived the system; but contracted notions, and too much self-love will destroy the best intentions. The motives should be pure, and not unmixed with a large quantity of "Amor Dramaticus,"—but while a hope of gain should act as a stimulus "every labourer is worthy of his hire," and assuredly the manager who nobly speculates to uphold the drama's cause merits, not only "golden opinions," but golden tributes of more solid worth.

"Some are born managers," who possessing an innate love for the art, a refined taste, a powerful discrimination, a due sense of right, a liberality without prodigality, and a full share of *suaviter in modo*, have worthily fulfilled their missions, have done much for the credit of the stage, and deserve every encomium.

Such men, however few (and that's a pity), deserve to have their names recorded—at least in the hearts of all true lovers of the drama. They are men full of merit and modesty:—

"It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection."

"Some achieve management," and yet are unfitted for the task; they mistake their qualifications, and set down to skill what is the only result of chance. They become not managers because they honour the profession, but to gratify a sinister passion—a love of acting, or a love of ruling. Confined in their imagination, they raise themselves on stilts, while all others are lowered in their estimation. Interest is their deity—spitefulness their justice. They *pay*, they have the means, and the law would make them; they save, meanly save, taking every advantage their position gives them; such managers—

"Have ventured,
Like wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond their depth."

and when they fall, "and to that complexion it will come at last," they carry not with them—

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

"Some have management thrust upon them," or rather thrust themselves into management, in order that they may "do such deeds" as cannot but be highly detrimental to the drama, and all that appertaineth thereto. They lack every requisite—substituting bare-faced impudence. Of the latter, however, there are but few, yet still enough to injure the drama.

It must be admitted that circumstances too often cause men to act contrary to their better inclination, and many an honest man has unfortunately been compelled to appear not in the most favourable position. Such managers deserve commiseration, and must not be classed with the

outsiders. There are many managers of small establishments whose conduct might serve as a pattern to their more exalted brethren of the stock and buskin. Worth may be found everywhere; and the great are just as capable of doing wrong as the humbler followers of the art. All that is attempted to be shewn is, that the system of management should be alike, no matter what may be the relative position of the theatre, its magnitude, or capabilities.

A seventy-four and a cock-boat are navigated by the same laws, propelled by the same power, and controlled by the same means; the governing principles are alike; and theatres should, because they may, be conducted after the same form and fashion. An uniformity of management would benefit the profession, a better sort of pieces would be better acted, the study of the professional would be rendered more perfect, and a knowledge of the art be the sooner attained. Thus by deduction, the drama, being improved, would be placed in a more exalted position, and consequently stand a better chance of being better supported in the provinces.

To accomplish so desirable an end, requires the united efforts of the whole body of the theatrical profession. There must be no half measures, their every exertion must be directed to the one grand point, and a steady, but determined, forward movement made until the object is achieved.

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Graham and Mrs. Warner appeared here on Monday, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and have since played in the *Gammer*, *Winter's Tale*, *King Henry the Eighth*, and the *Hunchback*; the pieces have been well put upon the stage, and the stars, (stars forsooth,) well supported by the company, but the business has been very indifferent.

LIVERPOOL.—Miss E. Montague reappeared at the Theatre Royal on Monday last, as *Desdemona*. Mr. Sullivan playing *Othello*, and Mr. Diddier *Iago*; all of which characters were sustained with much skill. The theatre was well attended. Miss Helen Faucon will fulfil her engagement and be followed by Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Jane Mordaunt. The Amphitheatre is doing excellent business, the American actor, James Scott, being the object of attraction. The Adelphi has become a perfect forlorn hope, nightly playing to a miserable few, made still more miserable by looking at the empty benches.

SHEFFIELD.—After a remarkably untoward season of limited extent, the theatre closed, suddenly closed, treasury and all, leaving the actors minus their fair reward of merit. The manager, Mr. Openhem, was a speculator, ignorant of the profession, and, of course, without the munition so necessary for carrying on a dramatic campaign. When will the members of the profession take warning by example and look before they leap? If they reflected on the misery they entail upon themselves, and the disgrace they assist to bring on the drama, they would not join every unknown adventurer who has the temerity to take a theatre and dub himself manager!

BOSTON.—The theatre has closed after a wretched season, as wretchedly conducted; and so ends another managerial speculation. When men take theatres to gratify their mania for acting the best, the whole best and nothing but the best parts, they ought at least to have the wherewithal, to play the piper; but the players, the poor players, who are supposed, like camelions, to live upon the air, must put up with being "promised crammed," and trust to the future for better fortune.

YARMOUTH (NORFOLK).—The itinerant Rogers has opened his dramatic shew at the gardens, to add another blot upon the theatrical escutcheon; and yet this manager can find people who call themselves actors to aid and abet him, and Mr. F. Raymond is acting-manager.

"Par nobile fratrūm."

NORWICH.—Mr. Davenport has terminated his fifth (in ten months) season, during the whole of which but little patronage has been bestowed

upon the theatre, its company, or its demi-stars. Wisbeach is the next town to be favoured by the liberal (?) manager; where he commences operation on Monday next.

GLASGOW.—Mr. Henry Hall has become the acting manager of the Adelphi. Miss Fanny Wallack and Mr. G. Maynard have been added to the company. Vestris and Charles Mathews have been playing a short engagement with success.

Mrs. Nisbett has again visited Bath, and again attracted a numerous audience. She, accompanied by her sister, Jane, commences her provincial tour on Monday.

Theatricals in Ireland are at a very low ebb; a circumstance to be expected from the unfortunate state of affairs.

The operatic company commence at the Surrey on Whit-Monday. Miss Rainforth and Mr. Harrison are the leaders; the musical arrangements being under the direction of Mr. Tully, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

Mr. H. Farren, a young gentleman nineteen years of age, is about to become a manager of a country theatre:—

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first performance of Jenny Lind's *Amina*, of which the musical public had heard so much, attracted, in spite of the pecuniary difficulties of the period, an immense house. We cannot look upon the delightful impersonations of this lady, without being impressed with the conviction that we are upon the verge of a new era in vocal and dramatic art. The essence of refinement may be said to characterise her style, the foundation of her study being the perception of exquisitely selected truth, accompanied by grace of manner. Her ornamentation in no instance substitutes mechanism for sentiment; and while we listen to the facility with which she executes passages of the greatest difficulty, the idea of the musician never mixes itself with our sympathy for the character. We knew nothing to compare with Jenny Lind but Rose Cheri; to the truth and grace of whose acting the addition of a vocalization, that in the opinion of many has never been surpassed, forms an amount of excellence that fully justifies the extravagance of enthusiasm with which the entire of the performance was received by the audience. Of Gardoni's *Elvino* we have already spoken. On the present occasion, whether he was animated to extraordinary exertion, or that the voice of the Nightingale harmonized more completely with his own fine organ, the result was most satisfactory. At the finale there was a deluge of bouquets, and the calling before the curtain was repeated. We defer an analysis of the scientific portion of this performance to our next number.

CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Fourth Concert took place last Monday Evening. The programme was of the usual character. But the usual attractions were increased by the engagement of Persiani, and Salvi, and Herr Joachim:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G Minor, Op. 59	Haydn.
Romanza, "Ciel che feci," Signor Salvi	
(Oberio di St. Bonifazio)	Verdi.
Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim	Beethoven.
Recit. ("Trascorsi e l'ora?") Madame Persiani	
Aria. ("Quando il cor") (Inez de Castro)	Persiani.
Overture, Oberon	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A (No. 7)	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Ah si tu per gli occhi tui," Madame Persiani, and Signor Salvi (Guglielmo Tell)	Rossini.
Overture, Les Deux Journées	Cherubini.

We need but notice the symphonies and overtures, by speaking in praise of their performance, which brought out in full relief, all the beauties

with which they abounded. The symphony of Haydn in particular is full of melody, while that of Beethoven is remarkable for originality and vigour of conception. Herr Joachim, although so young, has already almost reached the highest point of the art, his intonation is always correct, his precision remarkable, and execution finished, yet easy, and expression will, no doubt, come with years. The two vocalists were not so happy as they might have been; Persiani is, perhaps, out of her element in a concert-room. Salvi's performance of the first air was by no means satisfactory. Indeed, notwithstanding the great names, the vocal part might have been better sustained. It is clearly uphill work for singers at these concerts, which are known to be almost exclusively devoted to instrumental music. This may, possibly, be the reason why the vocal pieces, which are intended as a relief, are never very satisfactory, the singers feeling that they are only a sort of interlude to the other music. We deem it necessary to make this remark, for otherwise it might be thought hypercritical to speak of two such artists as we have done. The room was full, very full, there being a difficulty in procuring seats, a most marked change from what we remember but a short time ago.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS gave the annual concert for the benefit of the charity, on Friday evening, the 7th instant. This society was first established in 1839, for the purpose "of affording such occasional or annual relief as shall be found compatible with the means in its power, to those *female* musicians, being members, whom misfortune, or ill health, may have reduced to a state of indigence." We heartily recommend this charity to the notice of the benevolent, for there can be no situation more unfortunate than that of persons who are supported by their talents alone, whom sickness or accident may at once deprive of the means of keeping themselves. The concert passed off very well, the room being filled with the supporters and well-wishers of the society.

OXFORD.—TOWN HALL.—The Oxonians have at length been gratified by hearing the *original* Ethiopian Serenaders, Pell, White, Harrington, Stanwood, and Germon, who gave their morning evening concerts, at the Town Hall, on the 26th and 27th ult. Whatever arguments may be used in depreciating the taste for "nigger performances" (and in no place is the anathema so applicable as in classic Oxford); yet justice should be done to the ability displayed by this *sable* company; and after the miserable black imitators that have performed here of late it was most gratifying to hear the fine voice of Harrington, and the sweet harmony and good playing of the whole company, not to mention the excruciating comicality of Pell (bones). The hall was crowded, on each occasion, by a delighted auditory. On the 6th instant, the Star Assembly Room was well filled to hear Mr. Henry Russell, the popular American vocalist. Mr. Russell introduced a number of pieces, in his performance, new to an Oxford audience, which, as well as his established favourites, received their due share of applause. Monsieur Jullien and his band, (which, notwithstanding the programme was shorn of many of its brightest ornaments,) in company with, for the first time here, Herr Pischek, the renowned German singer, gave a grand concert at the Town Hall, on the 8th inst., which was crowded by all the *élite* of the University, and city of Oxford, and the surrounding districts. It was evident, however, that the anticipations, formed of Pischek, were not realised; his voice, though powerful, has lost much of the sweetness of tone which it formerly exhibited; and it is doubtful whether he would again suit the taste of an Oxford auditory. It is superfluous to speak of the instrumental portion of the concert, the perfection of Jullien's band being so well-known. Mr. Trash, of this town, by his admirable management of the concert, contributed much to its success.—*From our Correspondent,*

LETTERS ON GOSS'S INTRODUCTION TO HARMONY AND THOROUGH BASS.

No I.

"The greatest enemy to science, is he who conceals the causes that retard its advancement."

THIS work being one which is used at the Royal Academy of Music, and much read by musicians and connoisseurs, demands more public attention than has hitherto been given to it; for, it widely diffuses either right or wrong views of the science of music; and, as I am persuaded that it does the latter, I think it important to show in what respect this work fails in its object. On the outset, however, permit me to observe that these pages are open to the advocates of this work, to combat any of my objections to it, so that no undue advantage may be taken on my part—they, on the other hand, must bear in mind that I undertake to review the *theory*—not the *author*. The great Shakespeare says,—

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."

I, therefore, shall employ plain language, which will at once render the theoretical points clear and conclusive.

In order to do justice to a science, the beginning, the middle, and the end must be based upon *one principle*. This grand rule of science is violated by our author. *Intervals*, form the basis or leading point in music, unless a sound theory of intervals be given, a vague knowledge of chords must result. So many harmonious intervals, will, of course, produce so many chords. The exact number of the former, therefore, determines the exact number of the latter. The expression "harmonious intervals," seems to imply that some intervals are not harmonious; all that is meant is, that those intervals which are found in the major and minor modes are called harmonious, and those which are not found in these modes are called, *melodious* intervals. This distinction is required to establish a system of chords; but this distinction is not observed in this work. In chapter one, we read in the first paragraph that, "The smallest interval upon the piano-forte takes the name of a *semitone*, and two semi-tones make a tone," in illustrating which our author gives these, F to F sharp, G flat to G natural; now, neither of these semitones make a tone—then why say so? These intervals I have designated, in my recently published* essay, *melodious*, because they do not belong to either the major or minor mode, and consequently form none of the chords used by the great masters.

Two scales are only mentioned in this chapter, viz., the diatonic and the chromatic; the best theorists mention three others, and they are used by the great masters; thus, the minor melodious, the minor oblique, and the minor harmonious modes or scales. Generally the term *enharmonic scale* is mentioned, but this is a superfluous and unscientific term.

CHAPTER II.—*Of Intervals in General.*—"I shall," observes the author, at page 3, "divide intervals into two classes, diatonic and chromatic."

If from E to D flat be diatonic, and from C to D sharp chromatic, what becomes of the interval from C to C sharp? Is this of no class? For a clear exposition of harmony, all sorts or sizes of intervals must be methodically classed; and no solid foundation can be laid respecting chords unless this takes place; herein lies a very faulty portion of this work.

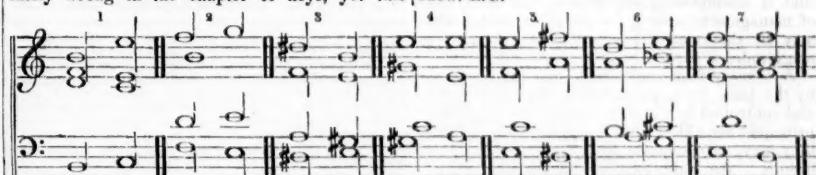
A table of fifteen diatonic intervals is given, some of which are called chromatic intervals, as we advance in the work; thus, the combination of a major third with a diminished fifth, is designated a chromatic triad. This at once destroys our author's own classification of intervals. The celebrated Abbé Vogler foresaw this illogical classification of intervals, and wisely prevented it, in a manner of which I will hereafter explain.

* *Essay on the construction of Fugue, with an introduction containing new rules for harmony, illustrated in a passacaglia and twelve Fugues, by George French Flowers, Mus. Bac. Oxon.*

CHAPTER III.—*Of Keys.*—It is far from artistic to say that the method of ascertaining the key is known by "looking at the lowest note," inasmuch as a long introduction to a piece, often ends on the dominant. I pass on to Chapter V. (*Of Triads*), because, although there is nothing absolutely wrong in the chapter of keys, yet this

subject might be disposed of in a quarter of the number of lines.

Page 2, paragraph 2.—"When four parts are required, the bass note is commonly doubled." If this rule were carried out, music would be uncommonly disgusting, this I will instantly show. E.G.



See the result of an unwise rule. How, in all reason, can leading notes and dissonances be doubled when they appear in the bass?

On the same page we read, "The close positions are most used in accompanying figured basses." This is quite an original idea, and were it true, the system of figuring basses might be dispensed with, because close harmony (except for equal voices) is admired only by those who have been taught in a bad school; inasmuch as the beauty of harmony consists in hearing flowing melodies going together, and this cannot be effected in the shake-like melodies close harmony must produce. John Sebastian Bach, Kittel, (his favorite pupil,) Rineck, (the celebrated pupil of Kittel,) and many other great composers, figure their basses; but they write in *dispersed* harmony. Had Mr. Goss's musical illustrations been written in dispersed harmony, they would have been better models for students; I would caution students, therefore, carefully to avoid imitating these examples.

Page 12.—"In every progression of chords," observes our author, "the principal object to which the student should direct his attention is the movement of the *bass*." Here is an instance showing to what an extent a bad theory may cramp the imagination of a composer. The movement of the bass is no more important to classical harmony than the movement of the tenor, or any other part. Melody must be heard in all the parts; and the grand object of a theorist is to explain how this is to be done. Our author is here referring to the "progressions of triad," and his only rule is *look to the bass*. It is not my duty here to give rules on this subject, but there are laws founded on nature which at once explain this matter. Our author has not done this subject justice.

Page 13, paragraph 2.—"In the perfect cadence, the leading note must always ascend to the key note in the same part." This brief sentence conveys but a faint idea of the various treatments to which the leading notes may be subjected. Every matter that deserves especial notice, should

be thoroughly investigated; more justice is done to a science by a careful examination of a few points, than by an unsatisfactory mention of many.

Page 13, paragraph 3.—*The connection of the Chords.*—What is advanced on this subject is benevolent criticism. How can the motion of either the right or left hand effect the connection of chords?

Page 12.—The following sentence had nearly escaped my notice: "The diminished triad on the leading-note of the major key is not often used." The mighty works of Händel are well known in this country, and there is scarcely a composition from his pen which would not contradict this strange assertion—the diminished triad is, as usual, a chord as the major triad.

Page 15.—There is a great want of skill displayed in the musical illustrations of the "approved progressions of triads." They at once show that the author has no intimate acquaintance with *sequence*; a branch in the theory of musical composition of more importance than almost any other.

Page 15.—*Resolution of the diminished triad.*—This triad is unsatisfactorily treated; to say that, "The bass of the diminished triad usually ascends a fourth," means nothing. The bass simply means the lowest note in a chord; now the diminished fifth may be in the bass, but surely our author does not contend that it should ascend one fourth? Again, this discord may be resolved in twelve different ways, and our author gives one, and that the least effective resolution of this discord.

The want of method frequently misleads the careful reader; I find myself thus entangled, for I perceive that in Chapter VI., where, referring to the doubling of notes, our author observes, "Care must, however, be taken not to double notes having a fixed progression, such as the leading note." This sentence, however, does not correct the former one, inasmuch as there are instances when notes have a fixed progression, and the leading note may be doubled. E.G.



In bar 2, the 7th (C) is doubled, and in the following discord of the same bar the diminished 5th (G) is doubled. In bar 4, the leading note (F sharp) is doubled, and so is the dissonant note, G, in the following discord. I must here remark, that as no work on harmony satisfactorily explains the various methods of treating dissonances, I can only refer the reader to my essay on this subject.

CHAPTER VII., page 22.—The first three illustrations are sequences, and should have been called so, rather than "a succession of alternate triads."

The last paragraph but one on this page is as follows:—"At B, the minor triad on the dominant has been employed." From this, it is evident that

the author uses three scales to obtain chords. Abbé Vogler preceded Weber, Schneider, and many others in the belief that out of two scales all the chords might be obtained.

Page 23.—"In the chord of the sixth and fourth, which is chiefly used on the key-note and dominant." This may be the case with some composers; but S. Bach takes a very different view of this subject; and I think his authority is of so much importance that a theorist should be careful of giving laws that a close observer must see ought to be violated.

Page 22.—I have passed over the second musical example without noticing the feebleness of the harmony of the last bar but one. The leading

note does not move to the tonic, and an indirect eighth follows in consequence. The first, with the third part, stands thus:—



These errors would be less inconsistent in any other than a teaching book.

CHAPTER VII.—*Of Cadences.*—There are twelve cadences; our author only mentions seven.

This subject is made but little of in this and most other works. It is, however, a branch in the theory of music which leads to a systematic investigation of the best progressions of chords. But such a notion as this has not, in the slightest degree, found its way into this book.

FRENCH FLOWERS.
3, Keppel-street, Russell-square.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

First Principles of Symmetrical Beauty. By D. R. HAY. Blackwood and Sons.

We have, from time to time, put off our notice of this book from the difficulty that it presents in classification. If we could be influenced by the author's recommendation and take the intention of his book for what he professes it to be, we should at once condemn it. "It is," says Mr. Hay, "a—

"Treatise simply to convey as much instruction regarding the nature of symmetrical beauty and its application to art, as the humblest work on English Grammar conveys regarding the primary elements of written language and their application to literature." * * * "It is requisite, at the outset, to caution the reader against an error that many seem to have fallen into regarding my former works, namely, the supposition, that in attempting to define the laws of symmetry, upon which the primary beauty of form depends, and which is the governing principle in ornamental design; I pretend to give rules for that kind of beauty which genius alone can produce in works of high art. But I make no such attempt; as well might it be said of the author of an elementary school-book, that in attempting to instruct his young readers in the elements of their mother-tongue, he was pretending to teach them rules for producing poetical conception, and other creations of the imagination."

This is modest in pretension, but is it a true representation of the work? Does the humblest work on English grammar presuppose a considerable progress in mathematics? or, must a child be taught algebra before he is induced into syntax. Mark, reader, the preparatory process for building a mug:—

"Referring the ellipse A F G to the same co-ordinates, we have for its semi-major and semi-transverse axes, the lines E A, E F, or $\frac{b}{2}$ and $\frac{\sqrt{3}}{2}$; and the equation to the curve $y^2 = \frac{b^2}{a^2} \times (2ax - x^2)$ where a b are the semi-major and semi-transverse axes, &c., &c., &c."

The consequence of the whole being a pint pot. If Mr. Hay considers that an art may be simplified by rendering it abstruse, or that attainment in one branch of study may be facilitated by rendering the acquirement of another not less abstruse a necessity, his logic is not our logic, and we cannot argue upon the matter. Take away the introduction, present the work to the public as a curious inquiry into the theory of the beautiful and it comes before us with different credentials, and we look upon it in a different point of view. Theories are very beautiful things in themselves, afford occasion for much imaginative research and inventive originality, but they do not belong to the A B C of any thing. In art they become useful when the mechanical difficulties have been overcome. They then serve to arrange experience, and answer the "why" of the inquirer, who knows the "it is." But to preface practice by theory in the early instruction of the student is to fetter imagination by formality, and establish a supposition in his mind that there is a rule for every thing, before he has been made aware that infinite variety is beyond even that mathematical

resource that is comprehensible by finite intelligence. We cannot resist extracting from the author, a paragraph, in which he condemns his own book with as much exactness of description as the most adverse to his system of instruction could have dictated.

"Humble as the occupation of the parish schoolmaster is considered, while employed in teaching his young pupils the first simple modes of combining the letters of the alphabet in the formation of words, and those of combining the numerals in expressing numbers, yet none can deny the greatness of the effects thus produced in forwarding our national intelligence and prosperity. *What are the classics in such humble schools of late? compared to the spelling-book? What purpose could the highest literary and scientific productions of the human mind serve at this early stage? None, but to bewilder and confuse; for they could not be understood.*"

In the face of this, and in spite, as it were, of an opinion so promulgated by the author, there is not existing upon the subjects of which he attempts to treat a work more calculated for the bewilderment and confusion of the class of persons to whom it is addressed than the work before us. A little farther on, however, we discover the false theory upon which Mr. Hay's practice has been founded.

"A knowledge of symmetrical beauty cannot be inculcated by setting boys down to copy drawings or prints, even of a high class, any more than instruction in the principles of language could be conveyed to them by making them repeat sentences of classic literature, before they had the knowledge of the principles of grammar by which the words were put together."

Now Mr. Hay takes for granted two absurdities in this paragraph. He would assume that the principles of design came first, and the practice afterwards, and that grammar was invented before language was known. But the reverse is the case in each instance; and grammar is but the analysis of language as it exists, as principle is the analysis of all existing art that is not imitative. Beauty has little in common with either; they both have more to do with the exposure of error than the discovery of excellence. A treatise might be composed without a grammatical inaccuracy that would not be worth reading, and a picture, coldly correct in every part, as far as discovered principle might be demonstrative, that would not interest the spectator. We would, therefore, put more trust in the course of study that commenced with "setting down boys to copy drawings or prints of a high class" than one that referred to the ellipse A F G, and its co-ordinates, as well as we should expect more of literary excellence from a familiarity with the best writers, than that which had confined itself to an acquaintance with Lindley Murray. We fear that Mr. Hay has trusted so much to theory and algebraical invention, that his imaginative has become a thrall to his science. The ceiling at the Society of Arts may thus be correct in grammar, without being beautiful in effect.

In treating of symmetrical beauty, our author has taken a part for the whole, and has confounded symmetry with uniformity, or a duplication of parts. His is the symmetricalness of regularity, the variety whose range is but of trifling extent compared to the symmetricalness of irregularity that forms the beauty and harmony of form, whether in manufactures, ornamentation, or high art composition. The reduction of this to rule by mathematical demonstration was something beyond even eccentricity of attempt, and the work makes no allusion to it; the title should, therefore, have been modified to the humbleness of the undertaking; but it has not:—"the principles of symmetrical beauty," implies much more, and is, therefore, a misrepresentation of the contents in the title of this book. The entire work, from the beginning to the end, is directed to the formation of the composite ellipse, and its application solves itself, in the fourth part, to the mouldings of Grecian architecture and the formation of ornamental vases, by the adaptation of portions of the same ellipse to all parts of the same vase; and this application is illustrated with much ingenuity by numerous examples. While we are on this matter, we cannot allow to pass by an illustration of the system of criticism that intrudes itself into

almost every class of publications at the present time. The *caw-ne-caw-thee* principle is now universal, and we are sure to find the intimate acquaintance in the encomiast. In one of our early numbers some reference had been made to other publications by Mr. Hay, and we received a letter from that gentleman, inserted in our eleventh number, appealing from us to several other periodicals, and among the rest, to the *Athenaeum*, as having given a notice of one of his works to the extent of thirteen of its columns. Well, then, Mr. Hay, in return, has made from these columns of the *Athenaeum* a number of pages in his work on the symmetry of form; and not satisfied with lauding the work that had landed him, informs the public that he had *ascertained the fact*, that the author of those valuable papers in the *Athenaeum* was Mr. J. Scott Russell, Secretary of the Society of Arts, London. Mr. Hay was also employed about this time in the decoration of the Society of Arts; and the following is a paragraph of those valuable papers upon art, which Mr. Hay has copied into his work on *Symmetry*:—

"The Platonists tell us what some of the conditions of matter are, which are not good, which are not beautiful, which do not manifest the workings of mind, and out of which has come the beautiful of universal nature. To want definite and intelligible figure—to fluctuate confusedly—to manifest no design, intention, or proportion—to be without method—to have no resemblance or relation of one with another to be in this condition was a state of being which excited the *vehement longing of the great and good God* and out of which He brought the design of the universe, ended with definite and intelligible form; manifesting design, method, definite proportion, symmetry."

What simplicity of result could Mr. Hay hope for with so much of assumption under the foundation of his theory.

Dreams. By OWEN HOWELL, Author of "Westminster Abbey," &c. G. K. Matthews, Warwick-lane.

This little book of poetry contains three dreams—the dream of the missionary, the dream of the opium-eater, the dream of another world. The subjects are treated in a cursory manner. A superficial glance at events of all ages of this world, and eke of the other too; bringing a great many things under notice. The first, the "Missionary's Dream,"—is a scriptural review; the second—the "Opium Eater's,"—is somewhat of a domestic character. The dreamer loses his beloved wife only three months after marriage. But the events glanced over belong principally to pagan history; yet the dream returns to the wife, who is seen in a state of bliss in a future world. The third takes an imaginary view of the future abode of evil and of good. The subjects are of sufficient poetic character; and the language in which they are conveyed are tinged with some poetic colouring. The versification, which is the same throughout, is smooth and harmonious, yet peculiar: one short, four heroic, and one Alexandrine line making up each stanza, all in blank verse. The following is a specimen, although it is exceedingly difficult to select from a work which is so even in its character. This extract is from the "Opium Eater":—

"How wonderful is sleep?
What glories are within its black domain!
Unearthly splendours—solemn festivals—
Dark prophecies of things to come:—a world
Inhabited by gods and fiends—the dead—
The living—the to live—the future and the past.

"How wonderful is sleep?
When it displays imagination's power!
Erecting airy structures, piling up
Gigantic towers, till they reach the stars;
Revealing scenes more beautiful to man
Than the majestic earth upon her bosom bears."

The Opera; Views Before, and Peeps Behind the Curtain. By SEDGLEY MARVEL, (old) Bachelor of Arts, S.A.H.M.T., &c. Mitchell, Red Lion-Court.

It is not quite clear what could have induced such a publication as this. The proper title would be "Marvellous Twaddle;" for without comparison it contains the greatest amount of that ingredient in the smallest possible space. The views before the curtain are as common-place as need

be; and as for the peeps behind,—if nothing could be made of them more than is here presented, the author's peepers must be obfuscated indeed. The production is that of matter-of-fact dullness trying to do the funny.

We have received a specimen copy of a new cheap musical publication, to appear in monthly parts, each part to contain from fifty to sixty pages of engraved music; the price to subscribers, 2s. 6d., non-subscribers, 3s., which is to embrace all the operatic works from Gluck, Mozart, &c., down to the present time, on vocal score, with the original libretto and translation. This is undertaken by Messrs. J. Wrey, Mould, and W. S. Rockstro. The first opera will be the *Marriage of Figaro*. From the specimen, we feel disposed to recommend the work. The size is convenient.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARIS.—At last, on Thursday, the 6th of May has sprung condescended to thrust its nose through the cloudy atmosphere that has so long oppressed us. This is a date proper to be registered in the history of Parisian temperature. Immediately upon the apparition of this long looked for visitor, there might be noticed the shooting out of leaves from the branches, and tables and chairs from the Cafés that line our boulevards. The trees have become verdant as by enchantment, and the *restaurants* were as instantaneous in their provision of seats and refreshments. Parisian life has recommenced in Paris, and every evening henceforth, in the double line extending from the Madeleine to the Bastille, two ranks of smokers and drinkers at their tables, will represent to the passer the picture of an *estaminet al fresco*. But, if spring and sunshine come for anything in particular, it must have been to bid welcome to the Hippodrome, which re-opened on the 1st of May. This curious and attractive spectacle has, at once, re-assumed its position in public estimation; and the crowd that had constantly favoured it, since its foundation, are again to be found within its walls. The management of the *Théâtre Historique* found itself the other evening in a complexity that threatened the sudden closing of its doors. At the moment when *La Reine Margot* was about to commence, the manager was informed that *Charles IX*'s dog had not arrived. The ungrateful animal, that had been received so cordially by the public, had broken his engagement without giving notice to his manager, or paying forfeit; leaving the theatre without resource. Such an infidelity had not yet a parallel in dramatic record. The spaniel that enacted the *Dog of Montargis* remained firm to his post for more than three hundred consecutive representations of the piece, in which he was the hero; and the famous *Muuito* never, for a single night, abandoned his director. The reputation for artistic probity in the canine department of the drama, which had remained intact up to this day, has suffered a stain not soon to be obliterated. The theatre found it no trifling difficulty to remedy this deficiency; for the theatrical agents, though numerously provided with actors of every other description, had not got a single talented dog among them. At length, however, the manager succeeded in discovering an intelligent double, who played, at a comparatively short study, the very arduous character of *Greyhound* to *Charles IX*. It is rumoured that the lost animal has gone on a starring expedition to Belgium, that convenient asylum for fugitives of any number of legs. The week just passed witnessed the expiration of the most popular spectacle of Paris. The national theatre of *La Cirque Olympique* has given its last representation; and the elegant building of the Boulevard du Temple belongs, for the future, to the lyric muse. We shall no more witness the production, with all the *prestige* of the scene, of the brilliant actions of the Republic and the Empire!—We shall not again listen to the cannon of Marengo!—We shall no more look upon the sun of Auster-

litz! The shade of Napoleon must have shed tears when the Napoleon of the *Cirque* made his *adieu de Fontainebleau* to his comrades! What is to become of the actors who have identified themselves with the heroic personages they have so long been in the habit of representing—who were, every evening, this *Murat*, that *Duroc*? Who cannot play any part, nor feel themselves comfortable in any costume but that of a general or a drum-major. Who can pronounce no other phrases but those triumphant paragraphs extracted from the *bulletins* of the *grand armée*. Who shall console them for the loss of empire? What restoration can open to these its arms? Can they condescend to the vaudeville of citizenship, and enter into civil comedy? Impossible. To these trailers of the dramatic satire, the bivouac and the field of battle are a necessity. Put them upon the peace establishment, and they cease to be actors. Here then we have a crowd of individuals without a provision, and not a few horses. There has been nothing parallel since the disbanding of the army of the Loire.

M. Roger de Beauvois is about publishing some curious memoirs relating to Mlle. Mars. From the various sources that have been opened to his exploration we may calculate upon an exactitude that is an uncommon attribute of this description of publication. The *Dimanche Littéraire* has obtained the right of publication in the work. Some other memoirs more apocryphal in character are now occupying public attention. If we are to believe Mlle. Lola Montes, or the witty editor of her biography, it is the Jesuits that have caused all the misfortunes of that celebrated *danseuse*. "They have been a very serpent in her path," and she has imbibed such an antipathy towards them that her determination is to horsewhip them out of Bavaria.

Mr. George Vandenhoff has returned from America. If only half of what the American press tells us of this gentleman be true, his arrival will be opportune for the opening of the new managements. He is described as most fitting to support that line so long sustained by Mr. Charles Kemble. *Nous verons.*

The *Théâtre Lyrique*, which succeeds the *Cirque* as the Restoration succeeded the Empire, opens its doors in the month of September next.

Mr. ANDERSON'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.—This interesting collection of paintings comes under Messrs. Christie and Manson's hammer this day. The paintings are not confined to a school, but present specimens by Murillo, Ruydesa, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, Cuyp, Raphaelle, Domenichino, Vandervelde, and the celebrated "Salutation," by Sebastian del Piombo.

THE ROYAL FAMILY PICTURES.—Tickets to view the royal pictures by Winterhalter in St. James's Palace, on and after Monday next, the 17th inst., may be obtained (in the same manner as orders to view the state apartments in Windsor Castle) upon application to Messrs. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, print-sellers, No. 14, Pall-mall East; Mr. Moon, print-seller, No. 20, Threadneedle-street; Mr. Mitchell, No. 33, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Ackermann and Co., print-sellers, No. 96, Strand.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Lady Sykes's picture—“The little Raphael”—may now be seen in the National Collection.

ADMISSION TO VIEW THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.—On Monday last the public were admitted to view the House of Lords without tickets, and will continue to be admitted on appeal days, which are Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, from 11 to 4. The admission on Saturdays will still be by ticket, to be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office, on Wednesdays only,

RECEIPTS ON THE FIRST THREE DAYS.—The increased interest which the public take in the Fine Arts may, perhaps, be indicated by the fact that, though the doors of the Academy were opened only at mid-day on Monday, the receipts in shillings for admission amounted to 106l. On Tuesday they had reached 114l.; and on Wednesday 130l.—the last being a larger sum than was ever received on any former occasion.

PICTURES PURCHASED BY THE ART UNION OF LONDON.—The following is a list of the principal works of art selected by the prizeholders up to the time of our going to press:—*The Vale of Clywd*, by J. W. Allen, 300l.; *The Invention of the Stocking Loom*, by A. Elmore, A.R.A., 210l.; *The Deserter's Home*, by R. Redgrave, A.R.A., 168l.; *Harvest Home in the Good Old Times*, by H. M. Anthony, 150l.; *Peter Denying Christ*, by J. H. Wheelwright, 150l.; *View from a Deserter Rock Quarry*, by J. Tennant, 100l.; *Refreshing the Weary*, by R. Hannah, 200l.; *Clearing Falling Timber, in the Wood of Buckhurst*, by H. Jutsum, 70l.; *Scenery of the Wye*, by J. Tennant, 120l.; *A Summer's Evening in North Wales*, by H. J. Boddington, 105l.; *A Welsh Mill*, by H. J. Boddington, 84l.; *A Scene in the Dwyrydellan Valley*, by E. Hassell, 73l. 10s.; *On the Gulf of Spezia*, by G. E. Hering, 70l.; *The Way Side—Evening*, by W. Shayer, 105l.; *Toilet Musings*, by S. A. Hart, R.A., 70l.; *The Neck*, *Heidelberg*, by T. M. Richardson, jun., 73l. 10s.; *Salmon Trap, North Wales*, by J. Wilson, 60l.; *Hop Picking*, by H. Stewart, 60l.; *An English Pastoral*, by J. Wilson, jun., 60l.; *Distant View of Pufffleet*, by J. Tennant, 63l.; *The Slave Dealer*, by A. Cooper, R.A., 52l. 10s.; *Scene and Effect from Memory*, by J. Tennant, 52l. 10s.; *Beagles*, by C. Josi, 50l.; *Coast of Calabria from Salerno*, by E. W. Cooke, 63l.; *A Pastoral*, by A. J. Woolmer, 47l. 5s.; *On the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters*, by J. B. Pyne, 50l.; *Prosperity*, by O. Oakley, 47l. 5s.; *View from Strong Cross, New Forest*, by W. Strayer, 50l.; *The Mill Ford*, by A. Montague, 42l.; *On the Cad, Bickleigh Vale, Devonshire*, by W. Williams, 50l.; *Goatfell Glen, Rossie, Isle of Arran*, by T. M. Richardson, jun., 68l. 5s.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—PURCHASES.—During her Majesty's visit to the Royal Academy last week, she made purchase of Mr. Frost's picture of *Una*. His royal highness Prince Albert purchased *The Liberation of the Slaves*, a scriptural subject, by H. Le Jeune. Lord Ellesmere is the proprietor of Stanfield's *Currara Mountains*. Messrs. Colly and Woss have bought (on speculation) Etty's three great pictures of *Joan of Arc*, for 2,500 guineas; Witherington's picture of *The Village*, an illustration of Goldsmith; Frith's *English Merry-making*; and *Presbyterian Catechising*, by J. Philip. Mr. Vernon has bought Mr. E. M. Ward's *Change Alley at the time of the South Sea Bubble*; and Goodall's picture on the same subject as Frith's just mentioned. Mr. David Salomans has purchased *The Charity Boy's Début*, by J. Collinson; *The King's Son and the Gobble*, by A. D. Cooper; Mr. Hart's *Milton and Galileo*; and Havell's *Sawpit in Devonshire*. Delaroche's picture of *Napoleon* belongs to Lord Titchfield. Mr. Hogarth is the proprietor of *Peace and Righteousness*, by Mr. Hart; and Creswick's *England*. The study for the fresco, by Dyce, to be executed at Osborne House, was purchased by Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Grundy, the publisher, of Manchester, has bought Mr. Elmore's picture of *Beppo*. Nearly every picture on a level with the eye is, we understand, already disposed of in *bon à vendre* sales; and but few to Art-Union prizeholders. Amongst those, however, which have had the latter destiny is, we believe, Mr. Hart's *Toilet Musings*.

BRISTOL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.—The annual exhibition of paintings is now open at the Royal Albert-Rooms, College-green. We have not yet been able to visit the collection, respecting the merits of which reports are highly favourable.

Dubufe's paintings of *Adam*, and *Eve*, are now exhibiting at the Rotunda, Argyle Arcade, Glasgow.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK.—Monday 17th, Ancient Concerts Rehearsal.—Beethoven Quartet Society.—Wilson's Scottish Entertainment.

Wednesday 19th, 4th Ancient Concerts.

Friday 21st, John Parry's Annual Concert.

Saturday 22nd, Philharmonic Rehearsal.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Finding it so difficult to draw a line in poetry, as to what may or may not be excluded, we have determined not to admit any original compositions in verse into our columns excepting as reviews.

